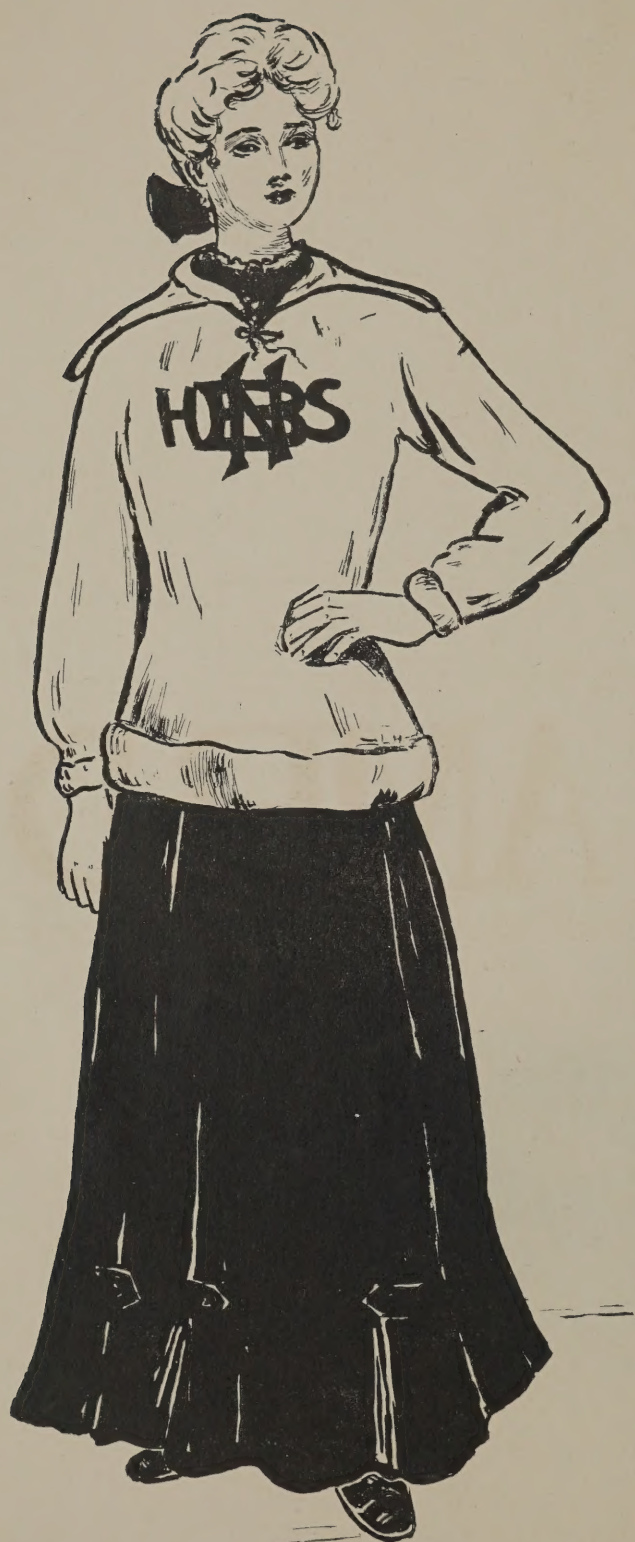


THE
LAMBDA

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THE
LAMBDA

To our Alumni Members

This book is respectfully
dedicated

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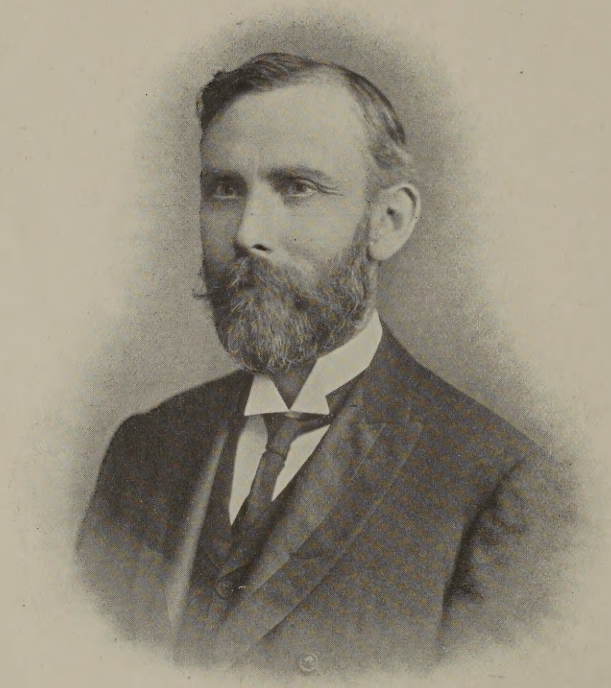
Salutation



IN PRESENTING THIS BOOK the editors desire to thank those who, by their friendly interest and invaluable aid, have contributed so materially to the success of its production. With their kindly assistance we have attempted to set forth on these pages our daily life here at school. The character of the book must of necessity be local, but in this we believe will rest its chief charm.

Our life here at school is one of constant change, of mingled pleasure and toil. Our yesterdays and todays sink rapidly into a dim, uncertain past, and we fix our eyes ever on the bright tomorrow. Yet, memory is ever young, and the remembrance of those former days, sacred with their happy associations, cannot fade away.

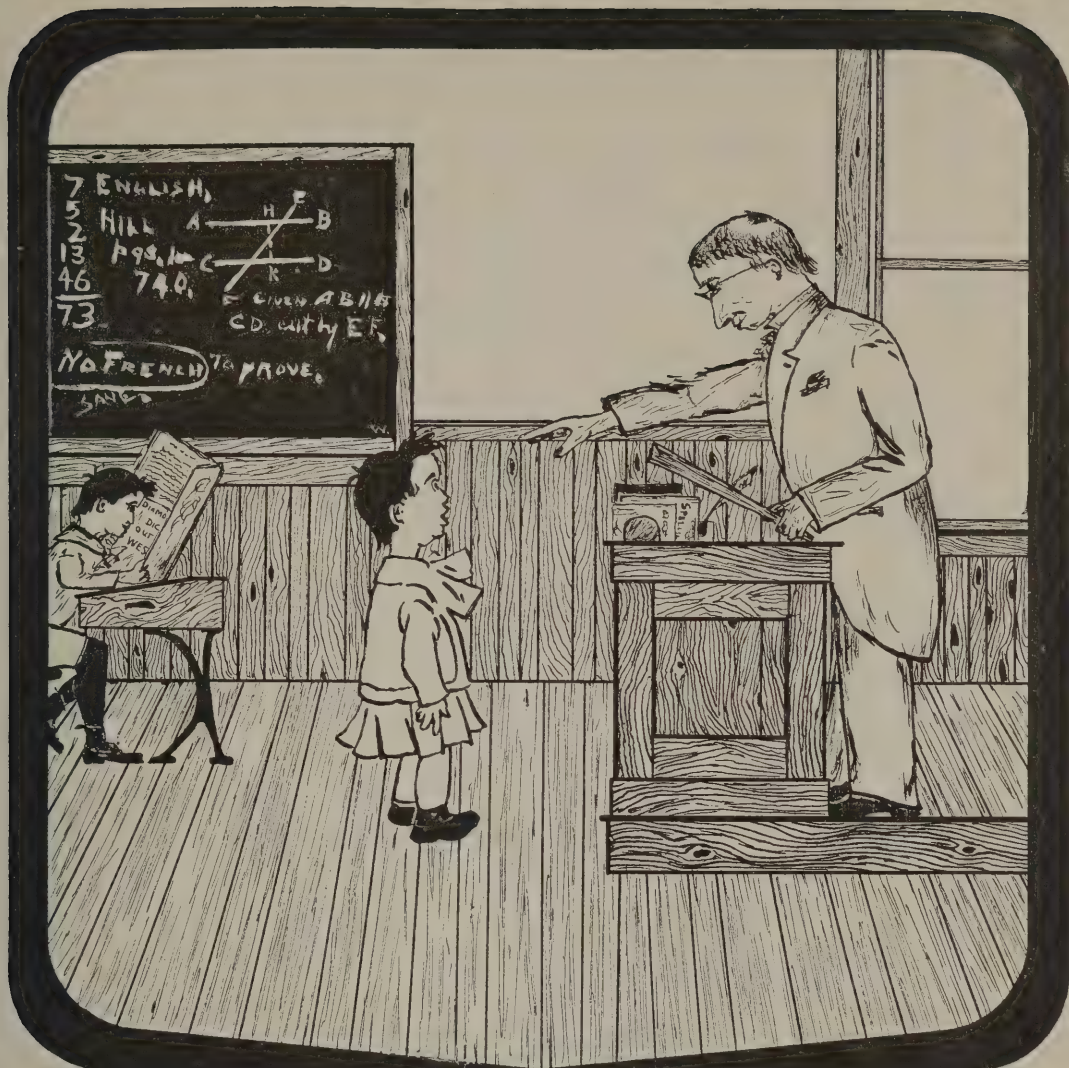
But to our task. It is the purpose of this book to recall these events, many of which are, no doubt, yet vivid in our imaginations, and to fix them on these pages, that we may in some future day turn to them, and with brightened eye and glowing cheek, live again those joyous days of our youth.



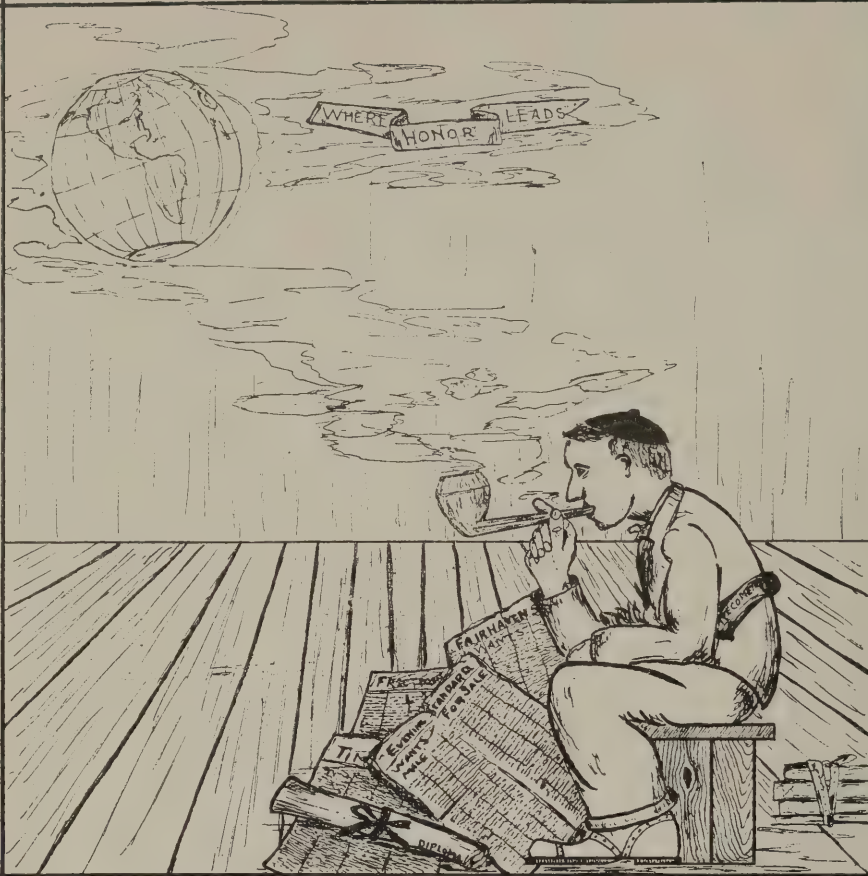
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CLASSES.



SENIORS.

Senior Class

1905.

"Where Honor Leads."

(Blue and Gold.)

CLASS OFFICERS.

President. HARRY H. BROWNE.
Vice President. GRACE C. HUNT.
Secretary. EDNA T. WILSON.
Treasurer. WILLIAM E. WHITE.

SENIOR HONORS.

Valedictorian. RUTH RUSSELL SHERMAN.
Salutatorian. DORRIS SOULE HOUGH.
Class Essayists. . . . GRACE MAY ATWOOD,
ALICE ACKLEY BUTLER.
LEANNA ALMY HICKS.
EDITH BERTHA SWIFT.
Prophet. DELLA ESTHER TRIPP.
Historian. DENNIS JOSEPH WALSH, JR.
Poet. GRACE EMILY CRAW.
First Bourne Prize. . ALICE ACKLEY BUTLER.
Second Bourne Prize. DORRIS SOULE HOUGH.
Third Bourne Prize. . MIRIAM CLIFTON ALLEN.

Florence Louise Allen.

"A simple maid and proper too."

An honorary member of the Woman's Club.

Maude Hastings Allen.

*"When the proofs are present, what need is there
of words?"*

T Σ Φ

Hath a merry twinkle in her eye, and a smile
sweet enough to melt any hard-hearted youth.

"Hee-haw, and her name was Maud."

Miriam Clifton Allen.

"To love her is a liberal education."

Winner of Third Bourne Prize Essay.

One of those self-possessed individuals who
always do the proper thing. Not exactly a
man-hater, but still seems to care little for
the society of such persons. Her modest,
unassuming way, bred amid the hills and
vales of East Freetown, impresses one most
favorably.

Mary Katherine Almond.

*" My tongue within my lips I rein ;
For who talks much must talk in vain."*

Grace May Atwood. *

*" O, dark, dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrevocably dark ! "*

Class Essayist.

Ethel Reid Barr.

*" I am one
Whom the vile blows and buffets of this world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless
What I do to spite the world."*

Maude Webster Brightman. *

*" Be to her virtues very kind,
Be to her faults a little blind."*

Wallace Brownell Baylies.

"Who dares this pair of boots displace?"

Γ Δ Ψ

Cadets — 1st Sergeant (4), Sergeant (3),
Corporal (2).

Lambda Staff.

Track Team.

One of the Ancient and Honorable Society of
"6 M. C. B."

A tall, yet not ungraceful youth, blessed with
peaceable, almost loving disposition. Neither
smokes, chews nor swears, and only occasionally
drinks soda water. Wears the same size in
shoes and collars. Quite a sea-dog, and enjoys
nothing so much as a cruise, with plenty of
grub and sufficient room in which to stretch
himself. "Get off my feet, dog-gone it!"

Henry DeWitt Hamilton Browne.

"A man of good repute, carriage and estimation."

Τ Δ Ψ

Capt. Cadets (4), 1st Serg't (3), 3rd Serg't (2).

President Class '05.

Editor-in-Chief "Lambda."

Greets you with the "smile that won't come
off." One of the leading fussers, and a society
man of several cities. Sings like a crow.
Has no time to study. Never too much put
out to think of someone else, and never too
tired to do a favor.

Ruth Bradford Buchell.

"My own thoughts often amuse me."

"Billy calls me Sue."

"Did you know I was going to have my banquet at the Parker house? Well, it's true. That friend of mine down at Edgartown — know where that is? — well, he's coming up just to take me. Won't it be nice?"

Grace Lillian Burke.

"It would talk — Lord! how it talked."

Alice Ackley Butler.

"I'll be merry and free,

"I'll be sad for nobody."

Winner of First Bourne Prize Essay."

Class Essayist.

A cosy little miss who believes there's no place like Maine, where back on the old farm you can sit and do nothing but listen to the singing birds, the laughing waters and the murmuring trees. The delightful modulations of her sweet little voice are very fetching.

Wilson Ryder Butler, Jr.

"I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth."

Sad-eyed and indifferent, slender and boyish. Tends to his business and believes the world will look out for itself. Hath a far-away look at times, and continues to be shy of the ladies.

Helen Fletcher Chadwick.

*"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."*

T Σ Φ

One of those effusive, impulsive maids who are at once the wonder and dismay of many a man. A very entertaining individual, with a merry eye and a saucy disposition. When she frowns it seems as if a thunder cloud were passing o'er the sun-lit sky.

"Tommie, Oh, Oh, Tommie,
Tell me you're my Tommie Boy."

Ella Collingwood Chandler.

"Magnificent spectacle of human happiness."

T Σ Φ

Possessed with a very cheerful disposition. A constant mischief-maker. At once a source of trouble to the teachers and of merriment to her class-mates.

"My soul ! "

Frank Denton Coppinger."

"Men of few words are the best men."

A man of good habits, of unusually quiet disposition. Seems to be distinctly in a class of his own. One of the non-fussers.

Grace Emily Craw.

"Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither."

Class Odist.

Alfred Nelson Chase.

*"As honest a soul as ever cut a throat or
scuttled a ship."*

Γ Δ Ψ

Foot Ball Team (4) (3).

Captain Polo Team.

Track Team.

Assistant Manager Lambda Staff.

"Capt. Chase." A tall, harmless fellow. Quite a sea-dog, and is always ready with a good yarn. Somewhat of a fusser in a modest way. Always ready for a rough-house, and never too tired to contrive some mischief which always gets laid to the other fellow. Laughs like an educated hyena. Always carries a wise expression when he knows the least. Responsible for some of the bum jokes herein.

Alma Marguerite Crowley.

"I shall die if I don't talk."

"Eureka, I have found it." One of those dashing, splashing, mashing feminines of the twentieth century style. Came from down Arizona way, where the "man-afraid-of-his-grub" howls his weird "Wakonda" as the moon begins to rise.

Christian Dantsizen.

*"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look —
He thinks too much."*

A man with a very philosophic look. A quiet, industrious person, and one of the society of anti-fussers. A fiend at mathematics.

Thomas Aloysius Cunniff.

"'Tis fine to have a giant's strength."

Orchestra (4) (3).

Cadets — Corporal (4), Musician (3).

Captain Basket Ball Team.

Our Athlete (4) (3) (2) (1).

An example of misplaced confidence. A symmetrical, animated splinter. His constitution has been greatly strengthened by faithful dieting. An athlete of considerable ups and downs. Talks like a busted gramophone record and fills the air with a continual fire-alarm. A bluffer on a large scale, with a winning smile second only to Meikle's.

Tom Cunniff, whose strength is prodigious,
And whose figure has won such renown,
Is a hot-air mechanic also,
And one of the best in the town.

Jennie Gardner Davis.

"She always has been just and virtuous in anything that I do know of her."

William Deacon, Jr. *

"Patience, and shuffle the cards."

Captain Foot Ball Team.

One of the ancient members of the school. Cheerful as a summer's day. Possesses a choice collection of ballads and popular airs which he discourses at regular intervals.

"Hallelujah! Give us a hand-out!"

Of all the things, and more besides,

We may ever expect to hear,

The greatest surprise of all will be

To learn that Deacon's finished here.

Louise Southworth Devoll.

"Her voice was very soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

T Σ Φ

Possessed with a most amiable disposition.

"If I could write the beauty of your eyes, and in fresh numbers number all your graces, the age to come would say, 'This poet lies.'"

Agnes Genevieve Downey. *

"My little body is aweary of this great world!"

For size, and greatness, and renown,
Aggie Downey would take the crown."

Agnes Marion Dupre. *

"I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts."

Mabel Ethel Durand.

"So quiet and so sweet a style."

Marion Ellis.

*"Let the world slide; let the world go;
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!"*

Elizabeth Clifton Elliot. *

"I wish your ladyship all heart's content."

Adelaide Augusta Francis.

*"A kind
Of excellent dumb discourse."*

Margaret Macy Gibbons.

*"I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise."*

Gladys Burrell Gifford.

"You look wise. Pray, correct that error."

Helen Sturtevant Gifford.

"I'm not denyin' the women are foolish."

Mary Ann Greenwood.

*"I have learned that in whatever state I am,
therewith to be content."*

Sadie Margaret Hansen. *

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

Kathryn Rosamond Harrington.

*"I love its giddy gurgle,
I love its fluent flow;
I love to shoot my mouth off,
I love to hear it go."*

William Seaman Harwood.

*"Thou sayest an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way."*

Elizabeth Hathaway.

T Σ Φ

*"Drink to me with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine."*

Sarah Evelyn Hathaway.

"The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she."

Margaret Mary Heaver.

"Love me and leave me not."

Leanna Almy Hicks.

*"Heaven in thy creation did decree that in thy face
sweet love should ever dwell."*

Class Essayist.

She cometh to you with a tale of children.
Hath a soft and gentle voice and a loving
disposition.

Walter Elsworth Hook.

"How reverend is the face of this tall pile."

Cadets — Corporal (4).

A peculiar specimen, with a true down east
twang. Walks as if he were dodging about five
bullets all coming from different directions.

Dorris Soule Hough.

"So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long."

Salutatorian.

Winner Second Bourne Prize Essay.

When shall such a wonder live again? An
authority on anything from A to Z.

Nathaniel Jacob Howland.

"Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Γ Δ Ψ

Captain Track Team (4) (3)

Foot Ball Team (4) (3).

Editor Lambda Staff.

Class Fusser. Tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed, all
the rage. Falls in love with any pretty girl
at first sight. Every girl he knows is a peach.
"Well, I must take a Swift Tripp to France,
but I shall have to remember that there are
two Green streets."

One of the star athletes of the school.

As long as the woman he can pet,
He doesn't mind being out in the wet.

Grace Estelle Hunt.

"In maiden meditation, fancy free."

Class Vice-President.

Of quiet demeanor, and studious withal.

Emma May Judson. *

*"You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was nor never will be false."*

Albert William Kean.

*"Some speed, a little curve, and there you have the
secret of it."*

Φ Δ

Captain Base Ball Team.

Assistant Manager Foot Ball Team (4).

Athletic Committee (4) (3).

Manager Base Ball Team (3).

Ah, let us pause a moment for breath. What would our school have down without this noble man to champion its athletics. A right good fellow, with an honest heart, but "not so much virtuous as a friend of virtue."

Mary Kelleher.

"A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

T Σ Φ

Mary Francis Irene Leary.

"We should only spoil it by trying to explain it."

Helen Franklin Macy.

"Love is a credulous affair."

Orchestra (4) (3) (2).

A very jovial miss, of an especially loveable type. Has a liking for pulling heart-strings, and has of late been pulling pretty hard on one belonging to a little Junior boy.

Harold Hollingsworth Mandly.

*"Behold the child, by nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."*

A small boy of tender years, whose sources of amusement are innumerable.

"Must have tickled the whale's back somewhat."

Clarence William Mason.

*"What is your sex's earliest, latest care—
Your heart's supreme ambition? To be fair."*

Φ Δ

Cadets — 2nd Lieutenant (4), 4th Sergeant (3),
Corporal (2).

One of the leading fashion plates of the school. A sunny-haired, blue-eyed fusser, who contributes much to the merriment of all by his spontaneous bursts of mirth. Has had some misfortunes in his love affairs of late. A society man of several cities. Took a prize at a baby show once, and dreams of it yet. Never known to exert himself beyond the danger point. Sings charmingly. Page 80, song book, a favorite.

George Standley Meikle.

"I am Sir Oracle,

And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."

He's our right-hand man in the Chemistry Department. Has a happy, guileless smile and fetching dimples. Wears the expression of a well fed chessy cat. Is irresistible to the fair sex. Tries hard to belong to the Fussers' Union. Believes he's "it," and that all others think so. Describes arcs sublimely.

"Going down to church tonight."

Alfred Rainford Mellor.

"There is a gift beyond the reach of art, of being eloquently silent."

Γ Δ Ψ

Track Team.

Foot Ball Team (4) (3].

An individual who lives without display or fuss. An honest fellow, possessed with a most amiable character. A man with an arm of steel. Classed with the non-fussers.

William Macy Miller. *

"This fellow is wise enough to play the fool, and to do that well."

Cadets.

Can talk all kinds of nonsense — without rewinding — for an unlimited time. Has a very contented way of regarding life and its difficulties. Never wanting in doing a favor, if he gains by so doing.

Louise Estelle Oesting.

"There is something in your manner which would almost imply that you will hear me coldly."

T Σ Φ

May Ethel Oesting.

"I speak in understanding."

An ardent advocate of woman's rights. One of those persons who believe in the "Let the women do the work" theory. Has a notion women are the thing, and consequently ought to be IT in this world of ours.

*"Man for the field and woman for the hearth;
Man for the sword and for the needle she;
Man with the head and woman with the heart;
Man to command and woman to obey;
All else confusion."*

Agnes Margaret O'Malley.

*"Happy am I, from care I'm free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?"*

Ethel Francis Otis. *

"We know what we are, but know not what we may be."

Florence Wentworth Perkins.

*"This is the sorrowful story,
Told as the daylight fails,
And the monkeys walk together,
Holding each other's tails."*

Evelyn Loring Parlow.

"Her life was gentle."

Henry Joseph Perry. *

"I know him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest."

Cadets.

Base Ball Team.

Perpetrates a continuous performance of Puck
on the public. Always on deck for anything
in the line of excitement.

Florence Andrews Post. *

"I would outstare the sternest eyes that look"

Mary Ellen Quinn.

*"Go, you may call it madness, folly;
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay."*

Marion Louise Richardson.

*"Talk not of wasted affection—
Affection never was wasted"*

A coy little miss, with large, dark eyes, which
seem to say to the weary wanderer, "Come."

Sweet little miss,
As it's nothing amiss,
May I have just one kiss?

Alice Agnes Riley. *

*"There's no loss
In being small; great bulks but swell with dross."*

Mary Cecilia Riley.

"Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful."

Bessie Parker Robinson. *

*"Here's a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate."*

Mary Lucretia Sawyer. *

"By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady."

Cora Evelin Schultz.

*"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us."*

Ruth Russell Sherman.

*"A scholar, and a ripe and good one,
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuasive."*

Valedictorian.

A staid, industrious person who believes this world was made for study, and practices what she preaches with excellent results.

Ancil James Smith. *

*"What care I when I can lie and rest,
Kill time and take life at its very best."*

One of those mortal beings whose principal occupation is drawing breath. A charter member of the "Knights of the Sons of Rest."

Clayton Taber Spooner. *

*"Here I stand; I can do no otherwise. God help me.
Amen"*

Anna Chase Sullivan.

"Past all expressing."

Edith Bertha Swift.

*"Ah, gentlest soul, how gracious, how benign,
Breathes through my troubled life
That voice of thine—
Filled with a sweetness born of happier spheres,
That wins and warms—that kindles, softens, cheers—
That calms the wildest woes
And stays the bitterest tears."*

Class Essayist.

Isabella Taber. *

"A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue."

Della Esther Tripp.

*"O happy sort, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day."*

Class Prophet.

A sweet little miss, who always sees the bright side of life. Of unbounded wit. With her amiable disposition, her blue eyes, winning smiles, etc., a very pleasing individual. Seniors should not be sparing in lavishing favors upon this person, for she holds the dread future in her grasp.

Ray A. Taber.

*"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."*

Lida Mae Varnum.

"In truth, sir, she is honest, and pretty, and gentle."

Dennis Joseph Walsh.

*"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world: This was a man!"*

Φ Δ

Class Historian.

Base Ball Team (4) (3).

Cadets — Second Sergeant (4).

Possessed with an even temperament, yet a
right good fellow, with but few bad habits.

"That's what's the matter."

Nina Weld. *

*"I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt
spirit."*

Clara Cannon Wheaton.

*"I believe they talked of me, for they laughed
consumedly."*

T Σ Φ

A quiet individual, full of quaint sayings. Has
a smile for which she is the sole agent.

"May I have another chance?"

"Yes, if you'll be good."

Emma Louise White.

*"They are never alone that are accompanied with
noble thoughts."*

William Edward White.

*"Nose, nose, nose, nose,
And who gave thee that jolly red nose?"*

Γ Δ Ψ

Cadets — Q. M. Sergt. (4), Drummer Sergt. (3).

Class Treasurer.

Artist Lambda staff.

Orchestra.

Has a brilliant proboscis. What's the answer?
Brim-full of mirth and always ready for mischief. One of the notorious band of fussers. Goes to see a "cousin" up at Lynn occasionally. Gets into trouble, and generally gets blamed for it. Has his own ideas on all subjects, and sticks to them. Agent for all improved editions of school works. Possesses most of the common habits, especially a taste for the "vile weed." Never known to study overtime.
"Avant! Tonight my heart is light!"

Edna Thurston Wilson.

"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."

Class Secretary.

Honorary member Woman's Club.

Quiet and sedate is she. Miss Cranston's attendant spirit.

"Why so silent? Ah, there's a rub.

She saves her voice for the Woman's Club."

Thomas William Williams.

"Had sighed to many, though he loved but one."

Γ Δ Ψ

Business Manager Lambda.

Track Team.

Athletic Committee (4) (3) (2).

Foot Ball Team (4) (3).

An athlete of considerable note, and also an accomplished sea-dog. Is quiet and sedate at times, but a holy terror at others. Fell a victim to the "blind archer" a few years ago, and is in his power still. Packs of fun when you get him agoing, but it's a sad day when you get him ruffled. An expert at siphoning a cask of "distilled delight."

Where was Tommie at the Senior entertainment? Ans. — Behind the screen.

Bertha May Young.

*"And when she speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes Heaven drowsy with the harmony."*

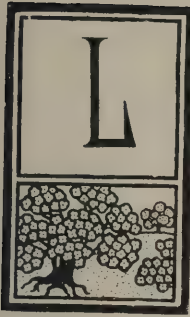
Fridoline Bertha Zimmerman.

"Is she not passing fair."

*Commercial course of three years.



SUB SENIORS



ON G before eight o'clock September 8, 1902, the lower corridor of the High School was filled by one hundred and ninety-three boys and girls, the latest product of the grammar schools. The boys wore short trousers, and the girls wore short dresses, and their hair in braids. Miss Smith came early, soon followed by Miss Austin with her majestic swing. Miss Hadley's substitute was attracting much attention at an early hour. Just before 8.30 the fourth teacher on the first floor, Miss Rhodes, came with a bodyguard of girls, and seemed in no more hurry than if school did not begin for another month. One could not help noticing that there were fourteen prospective class leaders, as could be seen by the cut of their chins. That piece of a boy, why that is "Spec" O'Connor; and that clothespin, why that is Cowen, six feet tall. There was a small group in one corner of Room 2, who paid no attention to the others, but were busily engaged in making words out of Greek letters, cut from cardboard. I afterwards learned their names. — They were Raymond, Baker, Morrison, Talmage, and Drake, and the latter was the architect of the letters. Mr. Cady, a substitute teacher with a quick temper, threatened to wipe up the floor with Roland Chase. This was one of the many diversions which made the year go quickly, while the vacation went even more quickly, and the next September one hundred and seventeen juniors assembled on the roof garden.

Junior headquarters was in room 14 with Mr. Robert Marshall Brown, and his "Sunny Jim" smile, occupying the seat on the platform. Short trousers and short dresses were disappearing, and at the beginning of the present school year, there was just one member of the short trousers brigade left, "Spec" O'Connor. Mr. O'Leary, physiologist, has examined "Spec," and says he will never be any taller, although he has great chances of growing the other way. "Spec" is now dieting; a piece of cake half as large as himself every recess. He still hopes to increase in stature, and devours all books on the subject "How to Grow Tall." Cowen has also been examined by Mr. O'Leary, and found to be six feet four inches tall and still growing — just the converse of "Spec," who is four feet six inches. Dallas Brown has developed into the best athlete in the school under the training of Prof. Wilde — office hours 8 to 8.30, recess, and 1.30 to 2. Colleges are waiting, with all sorts of flattering offers, for Brown to graduate. Hollihan is a man of responsibility this year; member of the athletic committee, manager of the base ball team, and first lieutenant of the cadets. Sam Bentley made his debut this Spring as a ball player, and covers third base with credit. Lumiansky had a pretty good opinion of himself when he entered the High School, but this opinion

has kept pace with his advance toward a diploma. He is a promising orator for next year's graduation. Mary Morrison played the piano for the class the first year, and became so proficient that she now plays in the orchestra. The only soloist to date, Joao Carlos da Silva Pitta, Jr., left school to marry his "bonny lies over the ocean," leaving the position of telephone boy vacant. "Pete" Cushman and his band will long be remembered by their fond teachers. Garside left his class and joined this class, as he considered it worthy of him. Wing from South Dartmouth also joined this class; he is strongly opposed to labor unions, and spends a full ten hours at the High School every day, so as to get his money's worth. When it is muddy, and he rides his bicycle to school, he may be seen taking a bath in the sink about 7.30. Miss Dunbar flirted somewhat with seniors during her freshman year, but now she flirts with them all the time. "Sporty" Lewis made a gallant struggle in that sixteen to one class, but he finally gave up as his predecessor, William Jennings Bryan, did. Mabel Sanford's stentorian voice can be heard blocks away without the least difficulty, but in order to hear Cowen's hard luck stories, one needs an ear trumpet, possibly because of the altitude from which his voice comes. Misses Vincent and Brownson challenge anyone in the school to a talking match. Charlotte Rex and "Tata" Sherman have a doctor's certificate, forbidding more than fifteen minutes' outside study a day.

The debating Club is the one organization that is controlled by the Sub-Senior Class. They have already decided all the important questions of the day, and now ask the assistance of outsiders to meet their only difficulty, subjects for debate next year.

The sifting process has reduced us to sixty, but these few are sustaining the dignity of the class in all of the various organizations. They are prepared to take up the mantle of senior dignity, soon to be laid down by '05, and to see that it does not lose lustre or color while they wear it, for one short year.



Class of '06

(Colors — Black and Gold)

OFFICERS.

President. HAROLD WILLIAMS.

Vice-President. JOHN H. HOLLIHAN.

Secretary MARY E. MORRISON.

Samuel Edmund Bentley.

Dallas Brown, Jr.

Everett Milton Cowing.

Edward Drake.

Joseph Nicholas Finni.

Alton Hill Garside.

John Henry Hollihan.

William Harrison Keith.

Harry Lewis.

David Lumiansky.

Dennis Michael O'Connor.

Archibald Alexander Talmage.

Salmon Perry Wilde.

Harold Williams.

Herbert Wing, Jr.

Rachel Renie Bailey.
Ruth Baker.
Edna May Bates.
Gladys Howard Brownell.
Leonora Webster Brownson.
Frances Burger.
Elizabeth Laura Coburn.
Roby Davis Cushman.
Etheldredra Mary Daley.
Kate Esmynia Douglass.
Anna Aloyse Duff.
Ethel May Dunbar.
Ethel Bradford France.
Estella Webster Frost.
Ann Maria Gleason.
Helen Clarie Gleason.
Addie Gonsalves.
Bertha Cornell Healy.
Elsa Howard Higham.
Elizabeth Brown Howland.
Louise Reed Howland.
Pauline Howland.
Elsie Vaughan Jenney.
Nancy Minerva Johnson.
Pearl Louise Judd.

Marjory Lewis.
Helena Teresa Mahoney.
Mabel Marshall.
Bridget Gertrude McGowan.
Ethel Mary Minier.
Mary Elizabeth Morrison.
Helen Frances Moore.
Margaret Teresa Catharine Murphy.
Anna Elizabeth O'Neill.
Margaret Elizabeth Phillips.
Anna Almy Raymond.
Charlotte Louise Rex.
Edith May Rodman.
Annie Elizabeth Rooney.
Gladys Chase Russell.
Mabel Louise Sanford.
Mary Lucretia Sawyer.
Katharine Watson Sherman.
Clara Stanton Sturtevant.
Edna Leonard Vincent.
Helen Adams Wheaton.
Helen May Wicks.



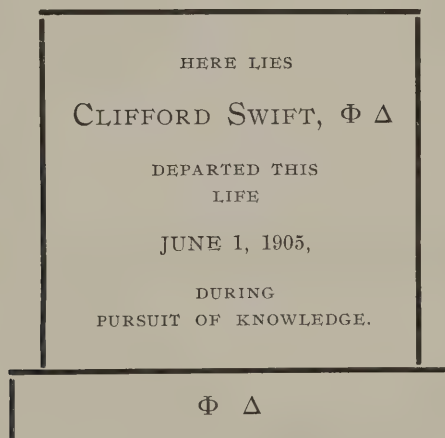
JUNIORS.



ALTHOUGH the grave and reverend Seniors have been awarded the title of "The Cream of the New Bedford High School," the so-called rattle-headed Junior has not been standing long. Of course, in this class, as well as in most others, there are a few sad ones. For instance, take the country lass who now sits in Room Fourteen, and in spite of the fact that he walks as though he had swallowed a ramrod, and has a complexion like some girls who stand behind the door and pinch their cheeks, we hope that he will turn out to be something wonderful. However, God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

The question has often been asked why Miss Rugg talks so much. This is very easily answered if one stops to think that the empty vessel makes the most noise. However, they are not all like these two.

It is known by everybody that Ryder has an inclination for designing. Judging from appearances, he must have received the position of designer for the "Rex Monumental Works." This inference is drawn from the fact that frequently on his desk is seen a folded paper bearing the name "Rex" on the outside. We could not imagine it to be anything except business, because it is written during school hours.



Although the Butler of Room Fourteen was during the first year known as a hard-shelled crab, he has softened up somewhat. There is still a chance for improvement.

If the old saying that "Practice makes perfect" still holds, we have great hopes of Taber becoming a great violinist. From appearances, he rehearses regularly every Monday afternoon with the H. S. orchestra. There is one queer thing, however. He lives on Mill street [or says he does], and he has always been seen with the instrument either on County or east of County street. He is never alone after rehearsal. If he should ever have an accident which would deprive him of the use of his hands and arms, he would still have one thing to fall back on, namely, his voice. Perhaps some did not know that Elliot used to sing, but he did, and his favorite piece was, "O, Lillian, Why Don't I Grow?"

There is one case in the class which is worthy of note. It concerns a young lady, who is either smarter than the ordinary, or is interested in the collection of junk. She wears class pins from every out-of-town school which ever happened, but we fail to see the pin of the class to which she belongs. By the way, we are sorry for Cunniff, '05, to see that he now belongs to the class of '07.

There are few classes, with the exception of this year's Senior Class, which are favored with such a mountain of foolishness as Miss Baker affords.

Gone, but not forgotten. Our most highly honored William C. Tanner, who left school last summer in search of harder work than he was able to find at the High School, is now demonstrating a car about which, in his own estimation, he is well posted. He very seldom wears a hat, as he has constant trouble in finding one large enough. He is known among the employees of the station as "the boy chaffer."

Do not think that these are all who deserve comment, but there is not time to criticise everybody.



Class of '07.

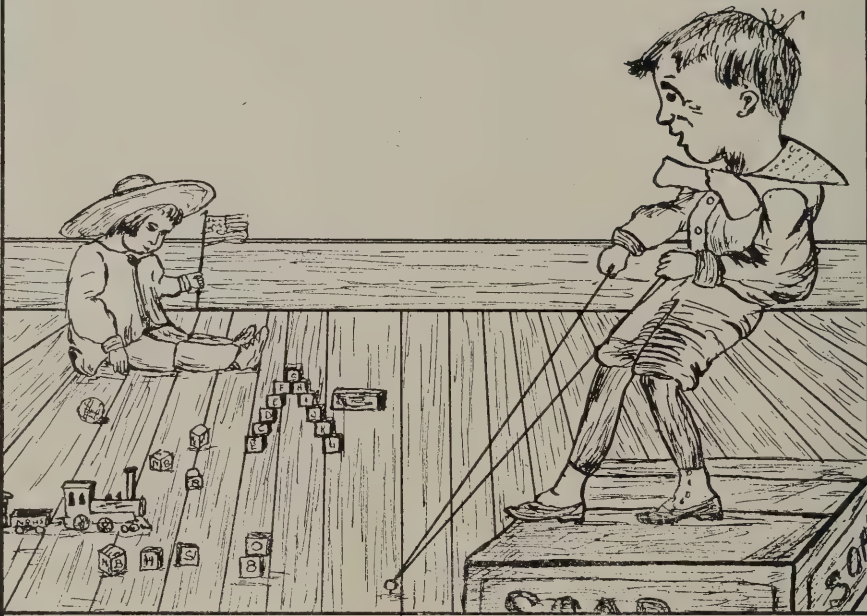
OFFICERS.

President MILTON C. DEVOLL.
Vice-President ETHEL A. TRIPP.
Secretary and Treasurer . JAMES C. RYDER.

James Clifford Bates.
Nathaniel Bonney.
Ernest William Broadbent.
Walter Irving Brown.
Julian Adolf Butler.
Stephen Emanuel Cassidy.
Walter Loomis Coe.
Robert Anthony Cory.
Alton Leslie Dunbar.
Patrick Henry Ennis, Jr.
Andrew Galligan.
Ernest Gifford.
Preston Seabury Gurney.
William Henry Harrison.
William Hollihan.
Joseph Allen Howland.
Walter Carson Hutchings.
Arthur Brownell Lamb.
Harry Cranston Lawton.
Abraham Levy.

Freeman Luce Macy.
Herbert Frederick Macy.
Charles Lincoln Neild.
Andrew William Roucke, Jr.
James Craig Ryder.
Edward Mortimer Sanford.
Charles Russell Sherman.
Philip Henry Slocum.
John Howard Smith.
Oliver Gardner Spooner.
Elliot Covell Taber.
Irving Mendell Tripp.
Theodore Hervey Wilbur.
Ruth Allen.
Alice Tucker Baker.
Caroline Elizabeth Best.
Marguerite Elsie Budgen.
Emily Catherine Margaret Burkle.
Alice Bradford Caswell.
Helen Marie Clarke.
Lillian Brayton Dammon.
Mary Zita Dorgan.
Eliza May Eaton.
Marian Barker Ellis.
Alice Ethel Fairbrother.
Grace May Finnell.
Lena Frey.
Clara Sawyer Gardner.
Julia Macrae Gay.

Martha Genensky.
Rosa Gonsalves.
Edna Lenora Gray.
Hilda Hough.
Mabel Howland Hutchinson.
Clarice Jones.
Jessie Arthur Kelley.
Jennie M. Laughlin.
Esther Hilda Luce.
Hazel Edna McAllister.
Edwina Frances McCulloch.
Irene Dori Nelson.
Catherine Mary Norton.
Gertrude Lawton Perkins.
Alice Loretta Perry.
Elsie Perry.
Mildred Parker Pierce.
Gertrude Rogers Rugg.
Annie Frances Sawyer.
Edna Gertrude Gladys Slocum.
Annie E. Smith.
Maud White Smith.
Mary Adlina Souza.
Bessie Ellsworth Townsend.
Ethel Allen Tripp.
Sarah Ethel Westgate.
Edna Keen Wheaton.
Elsie Amelia Wilson.
Elizabeth Marguerite Yates.



SUB
JUNIORS.

W.E.W.

CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT

History of '08



SPECIMENS OF '08.

"There's small choice in rotten apples."

Frank "Cuckoo" Barrows, Jr. — Very popular among his class and very obliging to the ladies. Easily distinguished by his red hair, big feet and beaming countenance.

Clarence "Piggy" Silvia. — The renowned ball player of the second team. Mr. Pedrozo's financial secretary and understudy. One of the shining lights of Room One, and if met in the dark would at once be taken for Barnum's missing link.

Ethel "Buttinsky" Gaffney, — A member of the Brass Moulders' Union. General manager of the Buttinsky Union in Room Three.

Samuel "Know-It-All" Cross. — Belongs to the smart and industrious set in Room Two. A friend of all the good-looking girls.

Oliver "Battling" Nelson, — Who would take Nelson for a fighter? Learned the art of pugilism while studying "Under the Old Apple Tree." A popular man with his classmates and always has a pleasing smile.

Chester Meikle. — At first he appears passive enough, but he is one of the most blood-thirsty outlaws in Room Three.

"Ike" Sherman, '20. — "Johnny-on-the-Spot." A graduate from Mathewson's pool parlors, and is always looking for a mark. Most studious boy in Room Four, and is taking a post graduate course in advanced penmanship.

Class of '08

OFFICERS.

President JOHN FRANCIS GLENNON

Vice-President SARAH DEANE BARROWS

Sec'y and Treasurer . . LENA EVELYN SYLVANIA

Frederick Burgess Andrews.
Fred Gordon Barker.
Frank Clifford Barrows, Jr.
Milton John Bentley.
Daniel Webster Brown.
Lester Gordon Buffington.
William Henry Bulman.
Clifton Jacob Burns.
Raymond Harrison Brierley.
Valmore Henry Charland.
Paul Garthley Covell.
Samuel Hazard Cross.
Richard Henry Crowley.
Charles Ellsworth Davis, Jr.
Elmer Lincoln Deane.
Edward Joseph Driscoll.
George Wilber Dyer, Jr.
Jeremiah Aloysius Dupre.
Walter King Enos.
Grafton Daniel Butler Fish.
Louis Carter Flocken.
Frank Denham Fuller.
Harry Irving Gifford.
John Francis Glennon.
Albert William Goodwin.
James Simon Goulding.
Harold Robinson Hall.

Francis John Hart.
Stanford Linwood Haskell.
Walter Eugene Hayes.
Edward Isaac Hindle.
Charles Albert Jenkins.
Ernest Tilmans Kirschbaum.
Augustus Carpenter Macomber.
Alton Irving Macomber.
James Forsyth Macaulay.
Chester Fox Meikle.
William Johnson Mitchell.
George Guy Moffett.
Carleton Doty Morse.
Evans Oliver Nelson.
Frederick William Oesting, Jr.
Curtis Peckham.
Alfred Alves Pedroso.
John Pieraccini.
Francis Regis Poirier.
Harry Queen.
Elmer Ricketson.
William Rosen.
Francis Patrick Ryan.
Isaac Howland Sherman, Jr.
Walter Oliver Smith.
Henry Washington Smith.
Arthur Fuller Spare.

CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT

Clifton Odenheimer Stanley.
 Lester Erle Stowell.
 Clarence Chester Sylvia.
 Walter Edwin Smith Tanner.
 Harry Campbell Tripp.
 Clifford Linnell White.
 Ernest Ludwig Zimmermann.
 Elsie Terry Ashley.
 Mildred Frances Ashley.
 Mildred Frances Ashley.
 Zelma Bryant Ashley.
 Sarah Deane Barrows.
 Clair Bartlett.
 Dorothy Mayhew Bassett.
 Bessie May Bentley.
 Marjorie Bonney.
 Edna Howland Bradford.
 Marion Briggs.
 Edith Gifford Brown.
 Ada Gertrude Bruce.
 Elizabeth May Burt.
 Annie Frances Cannavan.
 Rose Louise Cassidy.
 Emma Joanna Chaney.
 Dorothy Mansfield Cleveland.
 Louisa Maria Coe.
 Alice Potter Cook.
 Gabrielle Cotnoir.
 Harriet May Crawford.
 Edith Avis Crapo.
 Ruth Cushman.
 Jennie Marshall Davis.
 Alice Wadsworth Dexter.
 Georgia May Dignam.
 Sarah Edna Donaghy.
 Mary Elizabeth Donnelly.
 Ada Carolyn Douglass.
 Elsie Neville Eldridge.

Mary Ellen Fury.
 Ethel Maud Fisher.
 Ethel Virginia Gaffney.
 Rhoda Sunie Greenleaf.
 Clare Holcomb.
 Edith Hutchinson.
 Mildred Lincoln James.
 Harriet Anna Jenney.
 Florence Jenks.
 Elnora May Joseph.
 Helen Guthrie Kirby.
 Margaret Kirk.
 Alice Lees.
 Sarah Dora Levy.
 Jennie Moore Augusta Lovejoy.
 Caroline Cook Lowther.
 Rebecca Luniansky.
 Edna May MacKay.
 Ethel Annie MacKenzie.
 Mary Helena Magnett.
 Mabel Inez Mathewson.
 Annie McGregor.
 Mary Forbes Moynan.
 Katherine Louise Moriarty.
 Mabelle Augusta Moulton.
 Hilda Minna Washington Nelson.
 Mary Hudson Onley.
 Annie Elizabeth O'Malley.
 Laura Grosvenor Parker.
 Edith Ramsden.
 Mary Lois Raymond.
 Nancy Leonard Reilly.
 Ethel Catherine Riley.
 Elizabeth Alice Riley.
 Edith May Richardson.
 Louise Frederick Ritchie.
 Irene Elizabeth Sadler.
 Clara Macomber Sawyer.

CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHT

Mabel Sharples.
Susie Elsie Sherman.
Esther Lillian Sistare.
Elizabeth Smith.
Isabel Southworth.
Maud Esther Stafford.
Bertha Rachel Stone.
Frances May Sullivan.
Mary Maud Sullivan.
Ellen Gertrude Sweeney.
Lena Evelyn Sylvania.
Edna Mary Taber.
Elizabeth Stoddard Taylor.

Rachel Stuart Terry.
Gretchen Thorup.
Ellen Almira Tinkham.
Idella Pierce Townsend.
Myra Chadwick Tripp.
Marian Vincent.
Mary Alice Waldron.
Margaret Theresa Walsh.
Ethel Mito Wilcox.
Bessie Arethusa Wilber.
Louise Woodcock.
Helen Amanda Wordell.



In Memoriam.



LAURA FREEMAN GLASS

SUB-JUNIOR

DIED MAY 18, 1905



There is no death ! What seems so is transition :
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call death.

She is not dead — the child of our affection —
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

— *Longfellow.*





Lambda Chapter of Gamma Delta Psi

$\Gamma \quad \Delta \quad \Psi$

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Frank Clifford Barrows, Jr., '08	Nathaniel Jacob Howland, '05
Wallace Brownell Baylies, '05	Harry Cranston Lawton, '07
Harry Hamilton Browne, '05	Alfred Rainford Mellor, '05
Alfred Nelson Chase, '05	Evans Oliver Nelson, '08
Richard Henry Crowley, '08	William Edward White, '05
Elmer Lincoln Deane, '08	Harold Williams, '06
Milton Chase Devoll, '07	Thomas William Williams, '05

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Charles R. Allen.
Charles T. Bouney.
Wesley A. O'Leary.
William E. Sargent.

ALUMNI MEMBERS.

Γ Δ Ψ

Bryant M. Brownell.
 George H. Sturgis.
 Roy Upham.
 William L. Wing.
 Ernest V. Alley.
 Leroy A. Sturgis.
 J. Frank Briggs.
 Morris R. Brownell.
 Philip C. Holmes.
 Orville H. Hayes.
 Charles H. Bennett.
 Henry P. Willis, Jr.
 Henry H. W. Keith.
 Ernest W. Lee.
 Stephen D. Bennett.
 Harrington Barlow.
 Meredith N. Stiles.
 Arthur C. Swift.
 Leon C. Deane.
 George L. D. Moulton.
 Samuel B. Tuell.
 George O. Gardner.
 Ernest L. Snell.
 Edward A. Knowlton.
 Killey E. Terry, Jr.
 Robert E. Chase.
 Edward W. Holmes.
 George T. Schuler.
 Leon M. Huggins.
 Maurice W. Paige.
 Harry J. Humphrey.
 Clarence W. Arey.

Alphonse J. Lenoir.
 Frank H. Childs.
 Edward W. Baylies.
 Harold H. Valentine.
 Chester T. Hofe.
 Clifford E. Hunt.
 Alexander Hicks.
 Edward H. Wing.
 Carl A. Sparrow.
 Clifford B. Terry.
 Paul R. Bennett.
 Frank E. Driscoll.
 R. Eugene Ashley.
 Elliot E. Brownell.
 William O. Devoll, Jr.
 Leonard Little.
 Leopold Bartell, Jr.
 Hubert Kelleher.
 William Deacon, Jr.
 George Lilley.
 Clinton M. Davis.
 Archer M. R. Allen.
 Lawrence Allen.
 William Coffin.
 William B. Cobb.
 Harry Crowell.
 Clinton Tripp.
 Murry F. Barrows.
 Andrew Macy.
 Edward Almy.
 Joseph Broshek.

Gamma Delta Psi Fraternity

(Founded New Haven, Conn., 1879).

ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

Alpha	New Haven High Schools, New Haven, Conn.	1879
Beta	DeVeaux College, Suspension Bridge, N. Y.	1884
Gamma	Military and Naval Academy, Oxford, Md.	1885
Delta	High School, Grand Rapids, Mich.	1886
Epsilon	Public High School, Bridgeport, Conn.	1888
Zeta	High School, Washington, D. C.	1891
Eta	Boys' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1893
Theta	Public High School, Hartford, Conn.	1894
Iota	High School, Detroit, Mich.	1895
Kappa	Central High School, Springfield, Mass.	1896
Lambda	High School, New Bedford, Mass.	1897
Mu	Berkeley School, New York City.	1897
Nu	High School, Brookline, Mass.	1898
Xi	Hotchkiss, Lakeville, Conn.	1899
Omicron	High School, Lockport, N. Y.	1899
Pi	Smith Academy, St. Louis, Mo.	1901
Rho	Milwaukee High School, Milwaukee, Wis.	1901
Sigma	High School, Buffalo, N. Y.	1902
Tau	Lake View High School, Chicago, Ill.	1902
Upsilon	University School, Cleveland, Ohio.	1902
Phi	Lowell High School, Lowell, Mass.	1904

ALUMNI CHAPTERS.

Cornell University	1896
Harvard University.	1897
Williams College.	1898
Amherst College.	1899
Yale University	1904
University of Pennsylvania . . .	1904

Tau Sigma Phi.

T Σ Φ

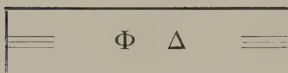
ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Maude Allen, '05.	Elsa Higham, '06.
Ruth Allen, '07.	Mary Kelliher, '05.
Ella Chandler, '05.	Esther Luce, '07.
Helen Clarke, '08.	Anna O'Neil, '06.
Helen Chadwick, '05.	Louise Oesting, '05.
Louise Devoll, '05.	Elsie Perry, '07.
Ethel France, '06.	Helen Wheaton, '06.
Elizabeth Hathaway, '05.	Clara Wheaton, '05.

HONORARY MEMBERS.

Winifred Ashley.	Tessie O'Brien.
Rachel Barrows.	Lilian Oesting.
Julia Beauvais.	Gladys Omev.
Maude Bennett.	Ella Rogers.
Blossom Brownell.	Ethel Rogers.
Hattie Brownell.	Eva Schwall.
Annie Cushman.	Roberta Sherman.
Enid Davis.	Lena Spenser.
Mildred Haskell.	Ethel Soule.
Belle Hicks.	Mabel Taylor.
Charlotte Higham.	Jane Thuman.
Elizabeth Higham.	Louise Tourtellot.
Helen Hutchinson.	Ethel Washburn.
Ethel Jennings.	Julia Weber.
Helen Knowlton.	Clara Willis.
Vesta King.	Elsie Willis.
Helen Lapham.	Ethel Wood.
Charity Leonard	
Marianna Mathews.	<i>Resigned.</i>
Geraldine Mitchell.	Clara Taylor.

Phi Delta.



ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Milton Bentley, '08	Clarence Mason, '05
John Glennon, '08	Charles Neild, '07
John Hollihan, '06	Clifford Swift, '07
William Hollihan, '07	Joseph Walsh, '05
Albert Kean, '05	

ALUMNI MEMBERS.

Fred Winship.
Rodman Doane.
Stanford Haskell.
Frank Winship.
William Muir.
Lincoln Sowle.
George Sistare.
John McCullough, Jr.
Alfred Eaton.
Frank Neild.
Thomas Raymond.
Isaac Ashley.
William Wood.
John Cook.
Charles Simmons.
Charles Serpa.
Edward Hiscox.
George Lawrence.
Arthur Cunningham.
Thomas Tripp.
Charles Blossom.
Malcolm Hatch. *
Frederick Knowles.
Joseph McIntyre.

* Deceased.



High School Orchestra

LEADER,

CHARLES T. BONNEY, '74, *Flute*,

First Violins :

HELEN MACY, '05.
LOUISE RICHIE, '08.

Second Violins :

THOMAS CUNNIFE, '05.
ERNEST BROADBENT, '07.

Viola :

ETHEL RILEY, '08.

Cello and Cornet :

ERNEST ZIMMERMANN, '08.

Piano :

MARY MORRISON, '06.

Traps and Drum :

WILLIAM WHITE, '05.

The Alpha Debating Society



THE Alpha Debating Society was organized in March, 1904, by a Junior History Class. By the constitution, any pupil of the New Bedford High School, who is willing to debate, is eligible to membership. Last year, however, there was no member outside the Junior Class. This year, 1904-5, there are members from Junior, Sub-Senior, and Senior Classes.

The membership of the society is 36. The officers are:

President,
ARCHIBALD TALMAGE, '06.

Vice-President,
EDWARD DRAKE, '06.

Secretary, ANNA RAYMOND, '06.

Executive Committee,
RUTH BAKER, '06. HERBERT WING, '06. ELSIE WILSON, '07. ALOYSE DUFF, '06.

The meetings this year have been held, in general, every two weeks. On February 21, there was a meeting to which the public was invited — there were about 60 present. During this year the subjects for debate have been:

1. RESOLVED: That labor unions promote the best interests of the working man.
2. RESOLVED: That complete reciprocity should be established between the United States and Canada.
3. RESOLVED: That the United States government should control railroads.
4. RESOLVED: That the United States should relinquish the control of the Phillipines.
5. RESOLVED: That the Chinese should be excluded from the United States.
6. RESOLVED: That the Puritan Revolution of 1688 was justifiable.
7. RESOLVED: That Rome was a greater power in the world than Greece.
8. RESOLVED: That physical culture in the High School is of value and should be continued.
9. RESOLVED: That the President's term of office should be lengthened to eight years, and that he should then be ineligible for further election.
10. RESOLVED: That capital punishment should be abolished.
11. RESOLVED: That the Russian peasants were justified in rebelling against their government.
12. RESOLVED: That the immigration laws of the United States should be much stricter.
13. RESOLVED: That there should be woman's suffrage throughout the United States.
14. RESOLVED: That the tariff should be used for revenue only.
15. RESOLVED: That the United States will stand the test of ages.
16. RESOLVED: That the \$100,000 gift of John D. Rockefeller to the American Board of Foreign Missions should have been accepted.





High School Cadets.

ROSTER.

Captain,

H. H. Browne.

First Lieutenant,

J. H. Holliban.

Second Lieutenant,

C. W. Mason.

First Sergeant,

W. B. Baylies.

Quarter Master Sergeant, W. E. White.

Bugler Sergeant, J. C. Ryder.

Sergeants.

Walsh. Wilde. Devoll. Brown.

Corporals.

Hook. Cunniff. Taber.

Talmage. Broadbent.

Lawton.

Privates.

Barker.	Glennon.	O'Connor.	Smith.
Barrows.	Hindle.	Oesting.	Spare.
Bonney.	Macomber.	Perry.	Swift.
Brierley.	Macy.	Pieraccini.	Tanner.
Cassidy.	Miller.	Pourier.	White.
Crowley.	Mitchell.	Sherman.	Wing.
Enos.	Nelson.	Sherman R.	Zimmermann.

Bugler, Bentley.

Winners of Medals, '04-'05.

SEMI-ANNUAL PRIZE DRILL AND BALL,

STATE ARMORY, JAN. 27, 1905.

PRIZE WINNERS (Manual of Arms).

First Prize, Sanders & Barrows Medal, ...	Corp. Elliot C. Taber
Second Prize, Company Medal	Priv. Stanford Haskell
Recruits (Setting-Up Exercises)	Priv. Augustus C. Macomber

SEMI-ANNUAL PRIZE DRILL AND BALL,

ODD FELLOWS' HALL, JUNE 9, 1905.

PRIZE WINNERS (Manual of Arms).

First Prize, Sanders & Barrows Medal, ...	1st Sergt. Wallace B. Baylies
Second Prize, Company Medal	Sergt. S. P. Wilde
Recruits (Manual of Arms)	Priv. S. E. Cassidy

FIELD DAYS.

RIFLE SHOOT.

SATURDAY, OCT. 8, 1904.

First Prize, Brownell Medal	Bug. Sergt. Coe
Second Prize, Officer's Medal	Priv. Tanner

RIFLE SHOOT.

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1905.

First Prize, Brownell Medal	Priv. Miller
Second Prize, Officer's Medal	Bug. Sergt. Ryder

INTERSCHOLASTIC COMPETITIVE DRILL, M. I. T.,

SOUTH ARMORY, BOSTON, APRIL 12, 1905.

Competitive Squad:—

Capt. H. H. Browne.
1st Sergt. W. B. Baylies.
Corp. E. C. Taber.

New Bedford High third place, with score of five points.

EFFICIENCY DRILL.

(Winner of Keene Medal receives 2 points ; winner of Baudoin Medal 1 point).

	<i>Keene Medal.</i>	<i>Baudoin Medal.</i>
Sept. 30, '04	Corp. Taber	Priv. Haskell
Oct. 27, '04	Sergt. Walsh	Corb. Taber
Nov. 18, '04	Corp. Taber	Sergt. Walsh
Dec. 2, '04	Sergt. Wilde	Sergt. Walsh
Dec. 30, '04	Sergt. Wilde	Sergt. Walsh
Feb. 24, '05	Q. M. Sergt. White	Sergt. Wilde
March 24, '05	Sergt. Wilde	Sergt. Walsh
April 14, '05	Corp. Broadbent	Sergt. Wilde
May 5, '05	Sergt. Wilde	Corp. Broadbent
June 23, '05	1st Sergt. Baylies	Corp. Taber

SUMMARY:—	Sergt. Wilde	10
	Sergt. Walsh	7
	Corp. Taber	6
	Corp. Broadbent	3
	1st Sergt. Baylies	2
	Q. M. Sergt. White	2
	Priv. Haskell	1



COMMANDING OFFICERS SINCE FOUNDING, 1885.

1885-86. Captain G. S. Perry.	1895-96. Captain H. R. Hunt.
1886-87. Captain E. L. Howland.	1896-97. Captain B. B. Braley.
1887-88. Captain F. A. Mason.	1897-98. Captain R. E. Briggs.
1888-89. Captain J. H. Holt.	1898-99. Captain E. Snell.
1889-90. Captain Brennand.	1899-00. Captain A. R. Rogers.
1890-91. Captain B. A. Twiss.	1900-01. Captain A. J. Lenoir.
1891-92. Captain C. F. Connor.	1901-01. Captain W. B. Twiss.
1892-93. Captain J. M. Kelleher.	1902-03. Captain C. N. Serpa.
1893-94. Captain E. C. Reed.	1903-04. Captain A. M. R. Allen.
1894-95. Captain H. S. Bowie.	1904-05. Captain H. H. Browne.

[*Extract from Cadet Records.*]

Camp Point Breeze, Nantucket, Mass.,

July 5-9, 1904.

The Company, consisting of 1st Lieut. Davis, 1st Sergt. Browne, Q. M. Sergt. Sistare, Sergt. Mason, Privs. Broadbent, Enos, Swift, F. H. Winship, Jr., F. Winship and Walsh, and Musicians Almy, Doane, Eaton, White and Wood, left New Bedford on the 8.10 boat, Thursday morning, July 5th.

The tents were pitched by supper time, and from that time until camp was broken up, no regular camp duty was performed, a general good time being the order.

Monday night, July 5th, the Cadets celebrated the 4th, much to the surprise and horror of the natives. The fireworks used were a shipment from New Bedford, and not one of the pieces had yet assumed the drowsiness of those used in pyrotechnical exhibitions by the inhabitants.

Tuesday was spent in trying to 'start something,' and it is only just to say that things 'started' rather hard, but all enjoyed themselves in the attempt, at least.

Wednesday evening the Cadets attended a show given in the Museum, which will long be remembered, not especially for either its scenic or spectacular productions, but for the fine acting and singing on the part of the leading lady. After clearing the floor of chairs, stools, benches, etc., dancing was enjoyed until after midnight. Music was furnished by an orchestra of two pieces, fiddle and piano; the latter, no doubt, was an instrument invented by some early explorer.

Thursday the ball team representing the Springfield House was defeated by our nine. Score, 28 to 2. The victory was celebrated in the evening by a Chamarrity, which lasted until nearly sunrise, much to the displeasure of the man on the opposite side of the road. This unhappy person caused a warrant to be issued for the arrest of the entire Company, but upon the promise of Instructor Baudoin that quiet should prevail during the rest of the week, the judge agreed to let us go free.

The question still unsettled is: "Where was Instructor Baudoin on the evening of Thursday, June 7th, 1904, and how did he sleep?"

Friday was a day of quiet and rest. On Saturday morning camp was broken, and who of those who went can say that they did not enjoy the week?

Still, Enos was feeling rather blue most of the time, even if he did win ten or twenty pennies from Doane in a whole day. Davis ought to know by this time

that the street lights in Nantucket are all turned out at 1 a. m. daily. Still, it is fine exercise to walk in the dark, especially when accompanied by one of the fair sex.

Let us hope that Browne can by this time tell the difference between Almy's hand and that of a "biscuit-tosser." Yes, Mason and Winship, Jr., were really bad boys — out walking late at night, sitting on lonely walls; really, they do like the girls of Nantucket.

Tastes vary greatly. Now, there is Broadbent; he likes to sleep one in a tent. Sistare had rather have a kitten for company than a girl. Almy is of the opinion that a girl suits him better; and Walsh, as one might say, is the "happy medium." Doane and Eaton, the "sports," on some occasions will pass the time of day, or perhaps speak about the weather with one of the ladies, but generally a good smoke and perhaps "something on the side" suits them better. Swift is funny; it is rather hard to please him, but still he is full of fun. Wood couldn't forget that "she" was at Cottage City, and so had to stop on the way home. White — that reckless reprobate — was into every kind of mischief as usual, and spent much of his time in making love to those Nantucket girls.



THE EVENTFUL CRUISE OF THE GOOD SHIP N. B. H. S. PUPIL.

Cargo . . . Miscellaneous.

- 7.30. Left home port.
- 7.50. Arrived at Port of Dear Girl.
- 7.57. Squall making up rapidly from the horizon.
- 8.00. Squall struck. Left Port of Dear Girl without usual parting salute.
- 8.09. Sighted the "doughnut." Noticed barges Deacon, Pieraccini, and Bradford anchored end of Browne's Landing. They appeared to be light loaded.
- 8.10. Put in at Browne's Landing and took on a cargo of three college ices, four sodas, some candy, and two coco-colas.
- 8.16. Left Browne's Landing.
- 8.20. Arrived at Mathewson's. Took on large deck load of cigarettes.
- 8.21. Cigarettes took fire and burned steadily for about two hours, giving off great quantity of filthy smoke. Yachts I. Sherman and F. Barrows and the mud scow Enos were in the harbor. The Sherman was blowing her whistle.
- 10.45. Started out, heading west. Deck load still smoking.
- 10.45. Sea growing heavy. Cargo shifting.
- 10.51. Sea running very high. Compelled to throw deck load overboard, also part of the cargo.
- 10.52. No bottom at nine fathoms. Steering gear temporarily out.
- 10.55. Ran afoul a fence. Steering gear all right.
- 11.00. Ran aground on Morgan Flats. Government is thinking of erecting a new lighthouse here. Hauled in ground tackle, let out on backstay, veered arms forward, loosed guys at knees, and made way slowly, down at bows.
- 11.05. Made small sail and tacked away, to avoid curious looks from revenue cutter "Brass Buttons."
- 11.13. Passed Arc Lighthouse.
- 11.18. Braced up back tackle, hauled hard on fore sheets, for one more short tack.
- 11.25. Arrived in home port. Heavy sea on. Much confusion in top hamper. Main truck gone, but greater part of cargo safe under hatches.



ATHLETICS



Foot Ball Team, 1904-5.

Captain, William Deacon, '05.

Manager, Mr. W. O'Leary.

Assist. Manager, A. W. Kean, '05.

Bentley, '08.

Kean, '05.

Chase, '05.

Mellor, '05.

Eaton, '04.

McKowen, '06.

Haskell, '08.

Pieraccini, '08.

J. Hollihan, '06.

Slocum, '07.

W. Hollihan, '07.

Sowle, '06.

Howland, '05.

T. Williams, '05.

SCORES.

N. B. H. S.,	11	Fall River High School,	6
"	0	Taunton High School,	6
"	0	Taunton High School,	0
"	12	Middleboro High School,	0
"	21	Mosher's School,	0
"	17	Brockton,	0
"	17	Mosher's School,	0
"	11	Independent Team,	0
		—	—
Total,	89		12



Polo Team.

Capt. A. Nelson Chase, '05, 1st rush.

Ancil J. Smith, '05, half back.

Frank Barrows, '08, 2nd rush.

Thomas W. Williams, '05 center.

S. Perry Wilde, '06, center.

John Glennon, '08, goal.

N. B. H. S., 6; Textile School, 1.

N. B. H. S., 3; Fairhaven H. S., 1.



Base Ball, 1904-5.

Captain, Albert W. Kean, '05.

Manager, J. H. Hollihan, '06.

F. Barrows, '08, catch.

J. Walsh, '05, short stop.

A. Kean, '05, pitch.

S. Bentley, '06, 3rd base.

W. Hollihan, '07, 1st base.

H. Perry, '05, right field.

W. Coe, '07, 2nd base.

H. Bonney, '07, center field.

J. MacCauley, '08, left field.

J. Glennon, '08, substitute.

SCORES.

N. B. H. S.,	12	N. B. Textile,	5
"	1	Alumni,	5
"	9	N. B. Textile,	3
"	10	Taunton High School,	4
"	5	Fairhaven High School,	10
"	8	Tabor Academy,	2
"	5	Bridgewater High School,	3
"	7	Rogers High School,	0
"	0	Taunton High School,	5
"	7	Fall River High,	9
"	15	Attleboro High School,	6
"	8	Fairhaven High,	6
"	8	Mosher School,	1
"	9	Tabor Academy,	1
"	9	Fall River High,	11
"	8	Attleboro High,	18

Class Field Day.

The annual class field day of the New Bedford High School was held Saturday, May 27, at Mr. Howland's farm at South Dartmouth. Notwithstanding the rain, all but three of those who had entered were on hand at 9.30.

This year, in order to increase the interest, the contestants were divided into two classes.

The principal prize was a gold medal, offered by Nat. J. Howland, Class of 1905, to the fellow winning the greatest number of points in five events. The contest for the medal was open only to members of the first class, and was won by Dallas Brown, Jr., '06, who had 16 points.

Mr. William E. Sargent, sub-master, was referee. Mr. W. A. O'Leary acted as judge; A. W. Kean, '05, as starter; Richard S. Wing as timer; A. W. Kean and M. F. Barrows as measurers.

DASH (50 yds.)

First class.

D. Brown, Jr., '06, 2nd, T. W. Williams, '05. 3rd, N. J. Howland, '05.
Time, 6 sec.

Second class.

S. P. Wilde, '06. 2nd, J. Ryder, '07.

BROAD JUMP.

First class.

N. J. Howland, '05. 2nd, W. B. Baylies, '05. 3rd, T. W. Williams, '05
Distance, 18' 9½".

Second class.

J. Ryder, '07. Nield, '07.

SHOT PUT (12 lbs.)

First class.

A. R. Mellor, '05. 2nd, D. Brown, Jr., '06. 3rd, N. J. Howland, '05.
Distance, 34' 1½".

Second class.

H. C. Lawton, '07. 2nd, Ryder, '07.

HIGH JUMP.

First class

T. W. Williams, '05. 2nd, D. Brown, Jr., '06, and N. J. Howland, '05.
3rd, H. Williams, '06. Height, 4' 8".

Second class.

E. Taber, '07. 2nd, H. Lawton, '07.

STANDING BROAD JUMP.

First class.

T. W. Williams, '05. 2nd, N. J. Howland, '05. H. Williams, '06.
Distance, 9' 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ ".

Second class.

H. Lawton, '07. 2nd, Wilde, '06, and C. Neild, '07.

HOP-STEP-JUMP.

First class.

T. Williams, '05. 2nd, D. Brown, Jr., '06. 3rd, N. J. Howland, '05.
Distance, 37' 2".

Second class.

J. Ryder, '07. 2nd, E. Taber, '07.

MILE RUN — (Approximate)

First class.

D. Brown, Jr., '06. 2nd, A. N. Chase, '05. 3rd, T. W. Williams, '05.
Time, 4 min. 40 sec.

Second class.

T. Cunniff, '05. 2nd, E. Taber, '07.

CLASS RELAY.

SENIOR vs. SUB-SENIOR.

Senior — A. N. Chase, N. J. Howland, T. W. Williams.

Sub-Seniors — H. Williams, S. P. Wilde, D. Brown, Jr.

Senior Team won.

SUMMARY OF POINTS.

	Dash.	Run.	Shot Put.	High Jump.	Broad Jump.	Hop-Step-Jump.	St. Broad Jump.	Total.
Class of '05 . . .	5	7	7	6½	10	7	8	50½
“ '06 . . .	7	5	3	3½	0	3	2½	24
“ '07 . . .	1	1	3	3	3	3	2½	16½
“ '08 . . .	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Total, 91



N. B. H. S. TRACK RECORDS.

Dash (50 yds.) — T. W. Williams, '05. Time, 6 sec.	Made in 1904
Mile Run — (approximate) J. Brown, Jr., '06. Time, 4 min. 40 sec. “	1905
Shot Put — A. R. Mellor, '05. Distance, 34' 1½"	“ 1905
High Jump — N. J. Howland, '05. Height, 5'	“ 1904
Broad Jump — N. J. Howland, '05. Distance, 18' 9½"	“ 1905
Hop-Step-Jump — N. J. Howland, '05. Distance, 38' 6"	“ 1904
Standing Broad — T. W. Williams, '05. Distance, 9' 2¾"	“ 1905



Events

Senior Class Reception

to the

Class of 1908.



The Senior Class gave a reception to the entering class in Odd Fellows' Hall, Friday afternoon, October 7, 1904, from 4 to 7 o'clock. About 250 members of the classes were present, and a very enjoyable time was spent by all.

After a selection by the orchestra the Class of 1908 was presented to the patronesses, Miss Mary E. Austin and Miss Emma K. Shaw. The class was then welcomed by the president of the Senior Class, Harry H. Browne.

Following the welcome address, an order of thirteen dances was enjoyed by a large number. Light refreshments were served.

Senior Reception

A reception was given to the parents and friends of the Senior Class, Thursday evening, December 8. After a very agreeable musical and literary entertainment, which was rendered by the members of the class, the parents were given an opportunity to meet the teachers. During the evening punch was served by the young ladies of the class. The reception on the whole was a great success. The program was as follows :

1. March, — The Troubadour *W. C. Powell*
ORCHESTRA.
2. Recitation, — Brier Rose *Bjorman*
MISS GRACE ATWOOD.
3. Intermezzo, — Indolence *Mathews*
ORCHESTRA.
4. Song, — My Little Love *Harley*
MISS EDITH SWIFT.
5. Personal Recollections of Indian Dances
MISS ALMA CROWLEY.
6. Song of the Ghost Dance
SENIOR CLASS.
7. Moonlight, — A Serenade *Moret*
ORCHESTRA.
8. Some Historic Landmarks in New Bedford
MISS JENNIE DAVIS.

Entertainment.

A concert and dance was given in the Trinitarian Church Home, Friday evening, June the second, for the benefit of the School Orchestra and the Athletic Committee. The attendance was not as large as was expected, but all those who went manifested great pleasure in the following program:—

1. Selection, "Prince of Pilsen." *Landers*
Orchestra.
2. Reading, "Gentleman, the King." *Barr*
Miss Nichols.
3. Song, "O, Dry Those Tears." *Del-Reigo*
Miss Swift.
4. "Moonlight," a serenade *Mont*
Orchestra.
5. Reading, "Miss Deborah Has a Visitor."
Miss Nichols.
6. "In Beauty's Bower." *Bendix*
Orchestra.
7. Reading (selected)
Miss Nichols.
8. Song, "Four-Leaf Clover *Brownell*
Miss Swift.

Miss Edith Swift, the contralto, sang in that charming manner that her friends have learned to expect. The audience was especially enthusiastic over the "Four-Leaf Clover," by Brownell, and she was obliged to sing two encores.

Miss Nichols, of the Emerson School of Oratory, gave a number of entertaining numbers, and was repeatedly recalled.

MISCELLANEOUS.



SUMMER SAUNTERINGS.

BY

MISS ALICE ACKLEY BUTLER

WINNER OF FIRST BOURNE PRIZE ESSAY.



AT ANY and every season, there is no other place like Maine. Nowhere else are the woods so fresh and green; nowhere else do the birds sing so cheerily or the pines smell so sweet. But fairest of all fair seasons, there, is the early autumn, that serene time after the fervid heat of summer, when the fruit hangs ripe on the trees, the golden grain stands ready for the reaper, and Nature rests a bit from her labor — rests before she goes to sleep.

At this peaceful season, during the last quiet days of August, there comes rudely to your mind the thought that you must soon leave the beauty of the autumn, and go back to the dust and hurry of city life. Putting this unwelcome thought as far from your mind as the short time will allow, you and father and the boys resolve to make a last expedition to the woods.

If you are the oldest of the children, four o'clock in the morning of the day appointed for your journey will find you oiling carriages — such things seem never to be done the night before — hunting for stray pieces of harness, and filling all the available * “crocus-bags” with hay for the horses.

The sun is just appearing above the rosy horizon; a white mist hangs over the low meadows; and the chill morning air makes you shiver a bit as you throw on the harnesses.

* Provincial for “berlap-bags.”

When the lunch has been packed, the *dunnage has been stowed in the wagons, and the horses have been harnessed, you are ready for your journey.

As you are on the point of setting out, you will probably find that the off fore-shoe on the light horse is loose. You find the nearest blacksmith in the potatoe-patch, and induce him to leave his digging and reset the shoe. This done, you go on your way rejoicing.

If fortune has favored you, you will be on the road by seven o'clock. The birds are singing; a light breeze rustles the silver poplar; and the faint, pungent odor of dew-wet-alder is in the air.

As you drive along — your feet tucked under you to make room for a roll of blankets, the lantern swinging underneath the wagon, the coffee-pot rattling merrily against the frying pan, and the “clop, clop” of the horses’ feet on the soft country road, you feel with Browning that

Day’s at the morn;
Morning’s at seven;
God’s in his heaven —
All’s right with the world.

The roadsides are gay with golden-rod, golden asters and Joe-pie-weed, and splashes of color in the woods tell you that Jack Frost has already begun his autumn’s work.

There is much to see and much to hear along the way. You drive now along a smooth, straight road, through whispering birches; now you jolt over a stony road across a stretch of burnt land, where the slender fire-weed bears its flaming torch among the ferns and shimmering birch bushes. You cross the “head of the river,” where the woodland brook rushes madly down over the rocks; you climb steep hills; you pick your way down steeper ones; you pass a railroad station, and a post-office, and a low, white schoolhouse under a hill, a

* Colloquial for “baggage.”

new barn, a barn with striped doors, and one with a plaid roof. The driver of a farm-wagon, jolting on his way to market, calls out a cheery greeting, and you may meet a buxom country lass who arouses the boys' interest, or even a country lad, some "horny-handed son of toil," on his way to the harvest-field.

The sun grows higher and hotter; the breeze dies down, and it is mid-day.

You have lunch by a brookside, and then search the undergrowth in the hope of finding a clump of waxen ghost flowers, pale "forest nuns,"*whose heads are "ever bent as if in prayerful mood." Or you lounge in the shade, listening to the singing of the brook among the alders, and thinking that perhaps *noon* is the best time, when the sun shines his warmest, the bees hum drowsily, and the locusts "click" their delight. A blue dragon-fly on buzzing wing hovers over the water; the song of the red-start comes thrilling down from the birch overhead; a warbler flits from limb to limb, uttering little chirps of friendship; and a solitary crow swings on the topmost branch of yonder pine, uttering at intervals his lonesome cry, the first minor note in the great symphony of nature — the first vague prophecy of the coming winter.

You resume your journey, and drive through the long, sunny afternoon. The sun sinks lower; the breeze freshens; the song of a thrush rings out upon the still air.

The hills become steeper, the country more rocky. At length the horses gain the crest of the last hill, and before you lies the lake, bathed in all the splendor of an autumn sunset. A faint bird-trill, somewhere in the dark woods, welcomes you to camp.

You pick your way down the stony hill, lit with yellow mullen candles, and following the line of the shore, come with dusk upon a little

* Mrs. Dana's "How to Know the Wild Flowers."

log-cabin, looking out over the quiet water to the blue mountains.

The horses cared for, you swallow your supper, and leaving the beauties and wonders of the lake to be explored in the morning, you tumble into your bunk.

Half-consciously, you hear the lap of the water, the whisper of the evening breeze, the maniac laugh of the loon swimming alone far on the lake, the indistinct "ticking" of the borers at work in the spruce logs of the camp, and then —— you sleep.

Some time during the night a squirrel scampers across the roof; you hear the horses stamping restlessly, and again you catch the faintest twittering of the birds under the eaves.

As the gray dawn steals over the earth, you shake yourself awake, and finding father already busy with the breakfast, you scamper down to the lake for a dip in the icy water.

There follow days of rare sport. Bass and perch are plentiful, or, if you choose, you may fish for chub from the little boat pier. You may spend much of your time disentangling your line, only to re-entangle it, or extricating your hook from father's cap, or Johnnie's sweater, or your own back. But, happy fisherman that you are, you don't mind such little annoyances, and many a patient hour do you spend with hook and line.

You have fish for dinner, and fish for supper, and fish again for breakfast; but not a word of protest is offered, for each time you are a little hungrier than ever before, and a little less critical of what is set before you.

In the twilight hours you row along the shore, now gliding among the lily-pads, now drifting in the shadow of a frowning ledge. Now, for a moment, you rest upon your oars to listen to the unspeakable quiet of nature. Not a leaf stirs; the water washing the shore makes no sound;

the honey-seeking bees have abandoned their quest. The woods are dim and vast; the water is dark and quiet, and the western sky is warmed by the faintest afterglow of sunset. Above and around all are the silence and the deepening shadows, slowly closing over everything. A fish jumps, sending circles widening and rippling to the shore; a thrush sings in the distance, and its song, dying away into the night, makes the silence seem but the deeper.

When the night air becomes too chill, you turn back to the camp, and, seated before the fire, listen to father's stories and laugh at them, though you know them every one by heart.

By the third day the more restless spirits have had enough bass and perch fishing, and, with your baggage on your back, you and a companion set off 'cross country in search of adventure, and in the hope of finding the fisherman's delight, a trout-brook.

For the most of the way you must make your own path. As you are in no haste, you loiter by the way, breathing the flower-scented air; stopping to watch a bee at work upon an aster, and whistling to the blue-jay who is making such a clamor over nothing. As the law is "on," you will probably "scare up" a flock or two of fine young partridges; a rabbit scurries away into the underbrush; and again, you stop to watch two chipmunks playing tag in an old pine-tree. And you wonder to yourself what they think of, alone there in the forest, and if they know who made for them the trees, and the sky, and the fertile earth, or if they accept His bounty without a thought of the Good Giver. You may chance upon a spring of water bubbling pure and cold from beneath the roots of a fallen tree. The blackberries are ripe and seem to invite you to eat them, and the squirrels will spare you a handful of hazel-nuts from yonder thicket.

By noon you are well into the woods, and anon you come out to the open upon a weird, red marsh. The soft, spongy moss is covered with a low growth of bushes, and tall, gaunt, weather-beaten stumps stand like sentinels on the barren spot. Leaving your baggage in the edge of the woods, you thread your way to the little river that glides and winds so silently across the barren heath. As you go, you notice the cup-like leaves of the pitcher-plant and the round, downy leaves of the cannibal *droscera*, fit inhabitants of the lonely marsh. A few stray asters nod to their reflections in the brook, and here and there a * yellow water-lily dares to push aside the lily-pads and look around.

You search out the dark, still pools where the spotted trout love to lurk, and crouching low, lest they see you, cast your fly or worm again and again, sometimes to land your fish, again only to lose your bait or catch your hook in a fallen log. Sunset finds you still patiently angling. But at length weary, you retrace your steps to the edge of the woods, and in the gathering dusk make preparations for supper. Pine-knots make a crackling fire, and soon the coffee-pot, hanging from a forked stick, is sending forth ambrosial odors; potatoes are roasting beneath the coals, and speckled trout are sputtering merrily in the frying-pan.

Tonight you sleep under the stars, close to the good, kind earth, breathing the odor of the pines and lulled by the whisper of the breeze. Stevenson says of a night a-field, †“All night long you can hear nature breathing deeply and freely; even as she takes her rest she turns and smiles.” He tells us, too, that there is one waking time in the night when all nature stirs, and sighs, and drops to sleep again. His words come vaguely to you as, under the common impulse, you, too, stir and “look upon the beauty of the night.” You hear the sleepy twittering of a bird in the tree above you and the bark of a fox in the distance, and you know that, like you, these wild creatures have felt the strange, wakeful

* Known as “dog-lily,” “cow-lily,” and “moose-lily.”

† From “A Night in the Pines” (A Trip with a Donkey).

influence. What calls all nature at this mystic hour? No one knows — none can even guess.

The next morning you shoulder your baggage and trudge back to the little camp by the lake.

On the morrow you leave the little cabin to the solitude of the woods, and climbing the steep hill, wend your way homeward.

As you near the old farm-house, the sun has just set behind the dark line of woods; the after-glow in the west melts into the blue above; the long shadows stretch across the field; and it is that time between afternoon and evening which is neither.

Then it is that you know *sunset* is the best time — home-coming time.



“To err is human, to forgive divine.” — *Faculty*.



“Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee at all his jokes.” — *Mr. Butler*.

Walks like a pump. — *Mr. Allen*.

I've heard knockers in my time, but I'm the original leader of the anvil chorus. — *Miss Shaw*.

It takes Miss Rhodes
With her *peicefull* little way
To give out a lesson
That will turn your hair gray.

Nothing when you're used to it — *Mr. Allen's system of marking*.

“E-X-C-U-S-E M-E!” — *Miss Cranston*.

A whistling Rufus of no small note. — *Mr. Bonney*.

Mr. O'Leary is thinking of taking a post-graduate course at M. H. P. S. this summer. His studies will be Physiology, Physiography, Lantern Manipulation and Light Housekeeping.

Miss Blanpied is about to issue a booklet of short stories. Her leading article will in all probability be her false-teeth story.

There are only two kinds of jokes — a good joke and a professor's joke.”

“A poor thing, but mine own.” — *Allen's Civics*.

THE HISTORY OF THE SCIENTIFIC STRUGGLE WITH DISEASE.

BY
DORRIS SOULE HOUGH

WINNER OF SECOND BOURNE PRIZE ESSAY.

Outline — Introduction.

Vaccination — use, discovery, what?

Anti-toxin — use, what?

Consumption.

Appendicitis.

Anaesthesia — use, old method of producing effect, discovery
of ether, other kinds.

Antiseptics — use, infectious diseases of wounds, Lister's
theory and discovery, Koch's work in bacteriology,
modern theory and methods.

Japan — medical work in army.

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THE HISTORY OF THE SCIENTIFIC STRUGGLE WITH DISEASE,

A FEW IMPORTANT POINTS.



NO ONE likes to be ill, but I am sure that, if you stop to think, you will be glad that you can be ill now rather than a century ago. Suppose, for instance, you were to be so unfortunate as to dislocate your shoulder. Had you lived a hundred years or more earlier, your treatment might have been like that of the inhabitant of Dartmouth (Massachusetts) who met with the same mishap. He was held down firmly by some men who had once been his friends while the "surgeon" pried the bone back into place with a crowbar. But if the accident happens today, how different will be your treatment! You will go quietly to sleep with an ether cone over your nose, and when you wake the shoulder will be in its natural position, and your part will be merely to wait till it is well enough for use.

During the past century, not only has the science of surgery been practically built up from the foundation, and wonderful discoveries have been made in medical work, but there has been great progress in accessory branches. The invalid of a hundred years ago had few comforts. His bed was a bundle of rags or straw, more or less clean and well covered according to his rank and wealth; or it might have been a feather-bed, in which he sank from sight as effectually as if he were already dead and buried. His room was freezing cold in winter, and nearly impossible to heat well, and it was often hot and stuffy in summer. The invalid of today is privileged to sleep on an

Ostermoor Felt Mattress, and his room is heated by steam or hot air. Bad as the sanitary conditions are in some places today, they were infinitely worse everywhere then.

Next to the Bubonic plague no disease was more dreaded by our forefathers than small pox. In England alone it claimed as many victims as all the other diseases put together. More than half the people who took the disease died; the others were disfigured for life. In 1798, Edward Jenner noticed that milkmaids accidentally inoculated with the virus from cattle suffering with cow-pox, a disease very much like small-pox, occurring only in cattle, were ever afterwards immune to small-pox. This was the beginning of his investigations, which led Jenner to the discovery of vaccination, one of the greatest blessings of humanity. The virus is taken from the vesicles of a calf suffering from cow-pox, kept in tiny sealed tubes, and put on a place on a person from which part of the skin has been scratched off. If the vaccination "takes," the person is safe from small-pox. We can imagine what a stir Jenner's discovery made in England, how bitterly opposed some people were to it, how enthusiastic others were over it, how timid most people were to try this strange new method of preventing disease. But it was tried, and it was proved, and Jenner must be classed as one of the great benefactors of the human race. We are thankful that today vaccination is as common as eating and sleeping in most parts of the globe.

Scarcely less marvellous than vaccination is the anti-toxin treatment of diphtheria. Anti-toxin is obtained in the following manner:—A horse is given hypodermically a small dose of toxin, or diphtheria poison. The first dose is apt to make him rather ill, but gradually the dose can be increased without any bad effects until the horse is rendered immune to very large doses. Then the horse is bled, and the

serum taken from his blood forms anti-toxin. Given in hypodermic injections to a diphtheria patient, it destroys the toxin caused by the diphtheria germs. Anti-toxin has not only this curative result, but also a preventative one; but its preventative effect is temporary, not lasting, like that of vaccination. Perhaps some day some one will discover a way of making it lasting.

Experiments are being made to find similar kinds of treatment for typhoid, leprosy, erisipelas, dysentery, tuberculosis, and other dreaded maladies. It is possible, even probable, that in another century school children will be required to show not only a vaccination for small-pox, but one for each of the other diseases, or possibly a sort of combination vaccination for all of them.

Today the disease that claims the most victims is consumption—the great white plague. The new methods of treating it with sunlight and fresh air have been proved very efficient. So many good articles have appeared in recent magazines, telling of the work of various sanitariums, that I shall not spend more time upon it.

No funny paper today is without its joke about appendicitis “the modern pain,” as “The Foolish Dictionary” has it, “costing two hundred dollars more than an old-fashioned stomach-ache.” Sufferers with appendicitis, however, are usually only too glad to pay their two hundred dollars for the relief it brings them. But is appendicitis a new disease? No, indeed. Victims of this disease used to be called victims of peritonitis, or of inflammation of the bowels. The inflammation is only in the appendix, and when that is removed the patient becomes well again. There are sometimes complications that make the disease a nasty one to deal with, but, as a rule, a patient operated on within twenty-four hours after the outbreak of the trouble is sure of recovery, and many get well who do not have the operation till later.

Surgery is the newest of all the great sciences. It has been practically perfected in the last half century. Miracles are performed daily by the great surgeons all over the world. There is scarcely a cavity in the body where the surgeon's knife has not penetrated; it has entered even the brain cavity, though its work there has been less successful than in other places. It has performed the most delicate tasks, as well as the most simple ones. Although the old adage, "Haste makes waste," may sometimes be as true in surgery as in other things, it is as important for the best operators to be able to work very quickly as to have a clear eye and a skillful hand.

Seventy-five years ago, a doctor who resorted to operating was considered little better than a murderer; the patient who consented to undergo an operation felt that life was impossible without it. Today there are still people who have a horror of operations, but they are not the majority. There was a time, not so very long ago, when surgeons operated with the slightest cause, but now they behave more rationally. What has caused this great change in operating? Just two things -- anaesthetics and antiseptics.

Anaesthesia is that which renders a person insensible to pain, usually by putting him to sleep for a time. It is in constant use today, so that it is hard to realize how terrible the suffering must have been during operations before they could use ether and similar things. When it was absolutely necessary to perform an operation, the patient was usually thoroughly drugged with opium and then given liquor until he was practically "dead drunk." Even then, he could still feel some pain, and moreover, it took a long time to overcome the effects of this strange anaesthetic.

About 1840, one Morton, a Boston dentist, discovered ether, the first anaesthetic. Dr. Morton experimented upon himself and a few

friends, and at last proved that ether was just what was needed to do away with the pain of a surgical operation. It was put to use successfully in the Massachusetts General Hospital. Then other hospitals took it up, and it is now in universal use. Dr. Morton was not the only man who was experimenting with ether, although it is generally admitted that he was its discoverer. Connecticut doctors, however, give the credit to Horace Wells, of that State. It is a point they are never tired of disputing, and they often get very much excited in discussing it.

Not long after the discovery of ether, Sir James G. Simpson, of Edinburgh, discovered chloroform. The other kinds of anaesthetics in common use today are gas and chloride of ethyl, the latter being used now extensively by dentists in place of gas, as it is quicker and more convenient and efficient.

Antiseptics are those things by which wounds are kept free from poisoning bacteria. Before their discovery, every wound, whether accidental or made during an operation, was sure to suppurate before it healed. What were called "the infectious diseases of wounds" were as common as wounds themselves. Suppuration, the formation of pus, was the most common form of these infectious diseases. Other kinds, all more or less dangerous, were erysipelas, hospital gangrene, septicaemia (blood poisoning) and tetanus (lock-jaw). If, by any chance, a wound healed without suppurating, by "first intention," as it was called, the occurrence was considered quite wonderful. More people died as the result of these infectious diseases than from the wound itself. For example, during the Crimean War, the death rate in the hospitals was 60% and over. It was believed that it was the natural and proper way for wounds to suppurate in this way.

Joseph Lister, an English doctor, conceived the theory that the infectious diseases of wounds were not necessary steps in the healing of a wound, but were caused by bacteria in the air coming in contact with the surface of the wound. He discovered carbolic acid and first made use of it. Although he was knighted for his great work in science, the other English doctors, with characteristic pig-headedness, would not take up the use of carbolic acid. It was left to the Germans to make a success of it. For some time, surgeons operated under carbolic spray, a method very trying to all concerned.

It was a German, Robert Koch by name, who made a science of bacteriology by introducing solid culture media. That is, he devised a way of cultivating colonies of bacteria in jelly-like substances, so that they were not mixed together as in liquids. Then he could study the development of different kinds of bacteria, the conditions under which they thrived, and the means of killing them. The Japanese scientists have made many interesting discoveries in this line, aiding materially American and European bacteriologists.

The modern theory is that the infectious diseases of wounds are caused by bacteria coming into contact with the wound, not from the air, but from the dressings, instruments, hands and clothes of the surgeons and attendants, and from the skin of the patient himself. Consequently, the modern method of dealing with these diseases and preventing them is by keeping everything around them surgically clean, a state of cleanliness which is truly next to godliness. Everything that can be boiled is boiled; dressings, sutures, ligatures and other things that can not be boiled are subjected to superheated steam under pressure; the patient, surgeons and nurses are scrubbed so thoroughly that you wonder there is anything left to go through the operation; and everything that can not be cleansed in one of these

ways is sterilized in some other way. Today the infectious diseases of wounds are almost unknown. When one does occur it is a dangerous symptom. The death-rate has correspondingly decreased, till now it is very small.

As all eyes are now turned upon the Japanese, it may not be amiss to mention some of their medical work. In every department, Japan's preparations for war were masterly and thorough, and her medical staff is the finest in the world. The Japanese realized that in war five men die of disease for every one killed by missiles, and they resolved that every man who died in their army would die on the battle-field. The best possible care is given their men. The ration problem, for instance, has been thoroughly worked out, and the men are allowed the proper amount of the proper kinds of food. A medical officer is at the head of every expedition, testing and marking wells and provisions of all kinds. So great is the respect of the men for the medical officer's mandates that, no matter how thirsty they are, they will not touch a drop of water from a well which they are forbidden by him to touch. The work in the Japanese hospitals is so well done that at the Reserve Hospital at Hiroshima, where nearly ten thousand cases were received up to August 1st, only thirty-four died. "To July 20," says Major Seaman, "the hospital ship Hakuai Maru alone, in her seven trips, brought 2,406 casualties from the front without losing a single case in transit." In every particular with regard to the medical work in the army, Japan leads the world.

It is a Japanese proverb that "there is nothing so terrible as the yellow cap (that worn by the Japanese infantry), and nothing so worthy of veneration as the green cap" (worn by the medical and surgical staff). When we stop to think of the grand work done all over the world by the wearers of the green cap, I think we will all agree with the last part of the proverb, at least.

" A little nonsense now and then
 Is relished by the wisest men.
 If it makes you stop and look,
 We win the object of this book."

She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore to be won. — *Miss France*, '06.

" Alas! regardless of their doom,
 The little victims play;
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 No care beyond today." — *Class* '08.

" It must be done like lightning." — *Drawing*.

" And, when a lady's in the case,
 You know, all other things give place." — *Taber*, '07.

" A noble pair of brothers, one as bad as the other." — *Williams*, '05.
Williams, '06.

" Who loves his own sweet shadow in the street
 Better than e'er the fairest she he meets." — *Glennon*, '08.

Extreme torture used to kill time, and thereby shorten periods.
— *Senior Rhetoricals*.

" For Brutus is an honourable man,
 So are they all, all honourable men." — *Senior Boys*.

Chase, '05.

Ryder, '07.

O'Connor, '06.

Oesting, '08.

Kean, '05.

Smith, '05.

Slocum is about to leave school and sail for China, where he goes as a missionary to Chin Whiz. His religious fervor and gentleness of manner will undoubtedly endear him to all the natives.

"Peanut John," '08, and "Bill" Deacon, '05, have joined "Bill" Bradford's corps of star-gazers.

"Like angels' visits, few and far between." — Vacations.

Humorous Hank
Is tall and lank. — *Cowing*, '06.

"Hang sorrow ! Care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry." — *Miss Clarke*, '08.

"Full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing." — *Bonney*, '07.

"Get the money." — *Enos*, '08.

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eyes,
In every gesture, dignity and love." — *Miss Lewis*, '06.

"Love me little, love me long,
Is the burden of my song." — *Miss Doane*, '06.

"I am very fond of the company of ladies." — *Hollihan*, '06.

"His chin new reaped showed like a stubblefield in harvest time." — *Levy*, '07.

"Swears tersely and with great variety." — *Leary*, '05.

"He is a soldier fit to stand by Caesar and give direction." — *Talmage*, '06.

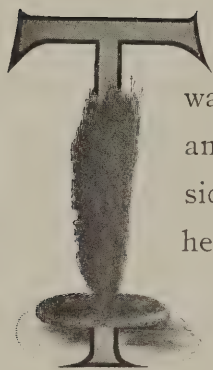
"Blow, blow, blow." — *Bentley*, '08.

This is all. If you haven't been roasted, don't be mad. Your joke was probably crowded out. If you want it printed, send it to the "Times."

FORESTS AND FORESTRY IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY
MISS MIRIAM CLIFTON ALLEN

WINNER OF THIRD BOURNE PRIZE ESSAY.



H E R E was once a little white schoolhouse that was almost surrounded by pine woods. On the south and east and west the green wall shut it in. On one side there was a grove of young "pasture-pines," and here the girls played "house," finding delightful rooms among the low-growing branches. But this was only of the true forest.

That stretched acre upon acre through swamp and level and upland, cut here and there by lonely roads or broken by solitary farms, but rolling on for miles. There was little underbrush; the trunks rose sharply from the thick carpet of fallen needles and lifted their plummy crests high in air, so that the listener below heard the wind rushing past, as if it were an echo of something far away. Some trees were rough, and gnarled and knotty; some straight and clean-cut, mounted up, up, till they seemed to brush the blue sky lightly with their green tips. Partridge vine crept over the smooth, brown floor, and traced a delicate pattern on the velvety background. Along paths where the sun shone in, mayflowers blossomed in spring and faintly perfumed the air with their precious scent. In the fall, when the breeze was crisp and had a tang that said winter was close at hand, there were boxberries. They grew on sunny hillsides that the children knew well and haunted till the snow covered the bright fruit.

They may forget all that they learned in the little shoolhouse, but the memories of that fragrant playground they can never lose. They did not fully appreciate it then, but bye-and-bye they will gratefully remember what a privilege it was to play amid such surroundings.

One day a steam saw-mill was brought to a particularly charming spot; trees were felled, a yawning pit of a well dug, and a slab shanty thrown together. For a year the saw shrieked and screamed its way through thousands of noble trees, and, as day after day went by, a wilderness gradually took the place of all the former peace and beauty. When its deadly task was done the monster departed for fresh forests to devour, leaving behind a mass of rubbish and a vast pile of sawdust.

Where one year ago pine that had lived and grown for fifty years towered majestically, now bare and desolate country extends. Where once the wind rustled musically through their feathery tops, now it blows contemptuously past a few tottering wrecks, senile shadows of their former selves, that lean decrepitly, waiting for a merciful gale to uproot them and hide their shame. Now heaps of dead and rotting limbs hide the partridge vine and mayflowers; the boxberries no longer entice children. However, all these will come again soon. A few years will see all the tiny wild things peeping out as bravely as ever from under the crumbling boughs. But will a few years restore the fallen pine trees? Will they rise again as before? No, an upstart growth of scrub-oaks will flaunt their scraggly branches as if to mock their kingly predecessors.

Unfortunately this is not a single case. All over this part of the country steam saw-mills are carrying on their nefarious work and bearing ruin with them. Every few miles the tearing crash of the saw may be heard, and its sharp, glittering teeth seem to be consuming all the beauty that once reigned supreme.

The forests have not been in such danger long. Only since the rise of the traveling saw-mill has it threatened. Up to twenty-five years ago the growth nearly, if not quite, equaled the quantity cut, and of course as long as this condition prevailed there was nothing to fear. It is true that nearly every stream had its saw-mill, but it ran only in the winter and spring, when the water was high. It was often a picturesque feature of the scene—the soft gray of the shingles reflected below on a surface, brown and placid, till it tumbled over the rocky dam in a smother of foam and spray.

In those days, men who owned logs planned to have a certain number cut into boxboards and “length-stuff” every year. Perhaps the real reason of their moderation was that no tree under eight inches, mean diameter, was taken. Many men did not even go so far as that. The intelligent and careful owner went over his woodland each year and picked out certain trees that had passed their period of rapid growth. Unconsciously, he practiced the best and truest kind of forestry.

But the increased demand for boxboards ushered in the portable steam mill, whose arrival meant devastation. The usual method at present is for a mill-owner to buy all the timber on a large “lot” — the larger pines for boxboards, the rest for firewood. He then approaches the owners of neighboring lots with tempting offers. He will pay a good price — “take everything down to *four inches*.” They are spared all the trouble of carrying their logs to mill, for the mill-owner’s teams do that, and in fact all they have to do is receive their money. Men are so fascinated by the generous sums paid and the ease with which they may dispose of their property that they would have to be rooted and grounded in the principles of forestry to resist.

There are circumstances when even such destruction may be pardoned. When the old father sacrifices the pines that he has watched

grow since his boyhood, that he may send his daughter to college or his son to Tech., he may be forgiven. When he says, "My pines — cut into *boxboards*!" we know that necessity, not a mere desire to see the lot "cleaned up," impells him. But what shall we say when the enlightened City of New Bedford sells its pines on the slopes of Quittacas in the same reckless fashion?"

Imagine our landscapes stripped of their pine forests, with bleak and naked tracts supplanting spacious groves! We can scarcely realize what it would be to miss the dark green boughs bending under a weight of snow in winter, or forming a background for the young and tender tints of spring. Even a careless observer cannot deny that pines are beautiful. The most practical farmer will admit that a tall, magnificent tree, straight of trunk and limb, is "pretty," while to the real nature lover there is nothing in the world more wonderful and restful than the pine woods. If a person is happy, they murmur a cheery little accompaniment to his mood; if "blue," they whisper a soft, sympathetic chorus that imperceptibly smooths away the worries. Lowell says:

* "Pines are the best friends I know;
They mope, 'n sigh, 'n sheer your feelin's so;
They hesh the ground beneath"

This "heshing the ground beneath" has its own peculiar charm. Maybe it is some long-forgotten savage instinct that makes us like to walk noiselessly among the trees, with every sense alert for bird-song or scurry of tiny feet.

It is with a feeling of humiliation that we, the people of the United States, must look upon this wholesale slaughter, for no other civilized nation would permit it. We pride ourselves on our systematic war against prevailing evils and on our up-to-date methods. Yet, without protest, we countenance an increasing peril.

* Bigelow Papers.

Hundreds and hundreds of years ago in pagan Rome, Ancus Martius proclaimed the forests imperial domain, and appointed officers whose duty it was to care for them. As early as the eighth century, the wild and savage Germans made laws restricting the gathering of wood from the communal forest. Only a specified amount could be taken each year, and the choicest must be used with discretion, lest the supply fail. England, in the sixteenth century, planted saplings to take the place of trees cut, and passed regulations requiring scientific cutting. All these examples of times commonly regarded as rude, if not uncivilized, put to shame our advanced and progressive country. Today, France, Belgium, and Germany, all practice forestry on an extended scale, and so skilful is the management that not only does the production not decrease, but increases.

Not that the United States Government is indifferent; it has established a bureau of forestry and is doing everything in its power to help the private owner. Upon request anyone may have the services of an expert forester without charge. He will go over the ground, measure the rate of growth, reckon how much the lot is producing, and how much may be cut a year without lessening the value of the standing timber. He will also give advice as to what trees should be felled, and how. But it is to be feared that the average New England farmer would laugh at the idea of being told what trees to cut.

The responsibility lies with the individual States. Until they unite and give close attention to the subject, there can be no permanent relief. Several Western States have passed laws granting a bounty for tree-planting, but this method has not found favor in the East. Even our own State, usually so quick to see and correct an evil, simply contents itself with *advising* citizens to re-forest waste lands.

The tree lover realizes that trees are property, and that they are legitimate objects of trade. He does not protest against moderate and judicious cutting, which is necessary for the welfare of the timber remaining, but against unlimited devastation. The latest word of forestry is, "A lot can be kept continually in pine if enough old seed-bearing trees are left in suitable locations."

Information like this is needed by the people. It is not sufficient that they are able to get advice and help on application, for until they are more interested than they are now, they will neglect this aid. Enthusiastic teachers must arouse their feeling and keep them awake to their own interests. Very likely wood-owners will not take kindly to this continual oversight and supervision, for it is said that no one over forty is willing to accept new ideas.

If the older ones will not listen, the burden falls upon the young people and the children, and they must be taught to appreciate the pine woods, to love them, and to fight against their denudation.

Dr. Holmes once said in the case of a certain patient that the treatment should have been given to his grandfather. If our grandfathers had been taught the "art of farming or cultivating forests, or of managing growing timber," we should not have to mourn our vanishing pine woods.

Let us hope that the time will come when the owner will cherish his woods, re-forest his waste land, and care for his seed-bearing pine trees as for his choice fruit trees.



The High School Klanger.

VOL. 7×A

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

JUNE 47, MCMV.

WANTS.

WANTED — Megaphones for the girls in recitations.

WANTED — A longer recess.

WANTED — A Caddy for Charlotte Rex, '06.

WANTED — Some one to listen to Cowing's stories.

WANTED — Something lively in rhetorical for '05-'06.

WANTED — A position as Inspector of hot-air generators, gas plants and electrical toys. Apply to Meikle, E. E., Ph. D., B. Sc., M. A., etc.

WANTED — Nurses for Mitchell and Dupre.

WANTED — Something to run. Salary connected. Alice Butler, '05.

TO LET.

TO LET — Space in my head at 1c. per cubic foot. Apply to Lumiansky.

TO LET — Storage room in White's desk. Apply Room 8.

TO LET — Wing's Encyclopedia, Room 8.

TO LET — Cushman's crust. Apply to the Apple Pie Order.

LOST.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen. — Three history books. Return to Miss Austin, and then '06 will get their money back.

LOST — A rare collection of tin-ware belonging to Miss Shaw. Finder will please return to Room 9 and be prosecuted.

LOST — Coppinger's picture. Finder please return to rear desk, fourth row, Room 9.

Editor, — How may I expand my chest 14 inches?

Cunniff, '05.

Ans. — Use Bonney's self-acting hot-air pump.

Editor, — How may I put a good, even waterproof coloring on my cheeks.

Miss Murphy, '06.

Ans. — Miss Dunbar has charge of that department.

Editor, — When will we have a High School Bulletin?

Ans. — Probably about the time the new high school arrives.

Editor, — How can I manage my sword next year?

Wilde, '06.

Ans. — Hire Cowing as page. 5 *per* (haps.)

Editor, — How can I preserve my hair? Mr. Chace.

Ans. — Take the following formula to the nearest apothecary's, and apply the mixture steadily every five minutes:

R Syr. Simplex (chgd with H_2S).
 $\leq$ dies.
 Mucilage P. D. Q.
 Gudgeon Greece a la cart.

Sig. — Apply with swab, and wash head thoroughly in H_2SO_4 solution.
 Q. E. D. O. K.

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"Create in me a clean heart, O Lord." *Slocum, '07.*



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Including the Emerson, Briggs and Janssen Pianos.**

Cash or Installments. Pianos to Rent.

"About as broad as it is long." *Miss Hough '07,*

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Cigars,
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Billiard and Pool Parlor.

W. J. ABRAMS,

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Compliments of

E. T. CHAPMAN & CO.

If you're bound to smoke,
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WORDELL'S CONCHA

5c. Segar

fills the bill.

Little Bob
Equivalent
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The F. W. Francis Cigar and Tobacco Co.

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98 North Second St., cor. Middle, New Bedford, Mass.

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GEORGE A. EGGERS,

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Meikle, '05.

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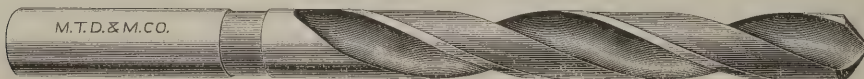
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Prompt and regular delivery of Ice by competent men a feature of our business.

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See that each Tool is marked with our name.

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The
Dorothy Dodd
TRADE MARK

ARE SOLD IN NEW BEDFORD BY

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Boots

**\$3.00 and
\$3.50**

Oxford Ties

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"Little, but, oh my!" Misses Sherman and Rex, '06

The Beacon Shoe for Boys

\$1.50.

Fast Black Hooks and Eyelets.

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71 Purchase St., New Bedford.

Compliments of

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The best dressed men
you see in New Bed-
ford buy their

**Clothing,
Hats and
Furnishings**

at the

**SANDERS & BARROWS
CLOTHING CO.**

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DESIGNED BY
SCHLOSS BROS & CO
Fine Clothes Makers
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Your Finger Nails.

**Nuttall's
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Keep them attractive by proper care. We have all of the necessary things — clippers, scissors, polishers, buffers and the powders, lotions and ointments — that are used in manicuring.

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Wiesbaden Preserves — in glass.

***How did he
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Famous
"Dandelion Stout"***

***A tonic
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shoulders and trousers, you'll like "College Brand Clothes" all the more because the price isn't distorted.

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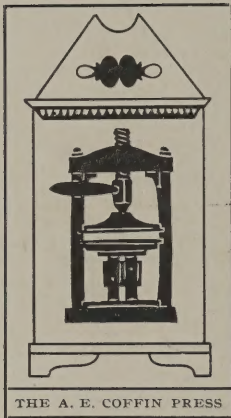
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